

THE LINCOLNIAN

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

— OF —

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL



*BABE M...
page 30*

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

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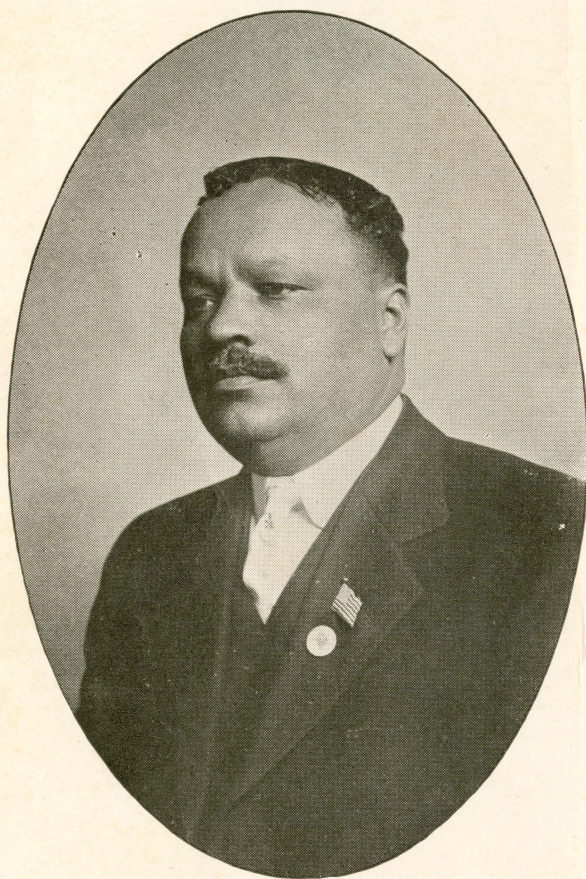


DEDICATION



To those teachers and sons of Lincoln who have gone forth to war to uphold the honor of the Stars and Stripes and to help make the world safe for Democracy, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

"O Righteous Father, with Whom is no variableness, neither shadows of turning, grant that these, Thy sons and our sons shall not go forth upon a fruitless errand. Grant, we beseech Thee, that they and the hosts that battle with them shall accomplish that purpose which we believe is Thy purpose; and that their sacrifice shall usher in the reign of universal brotherhood: that Liberty, Democracy and Peace shall come, and shall come permanently to all nations and to all peoples that inhabit the earth. Amen."



PRINCIPAL J. R. E. LEE.

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

WEEK, JUNE 2 to 7, 1918.

Sunday, June 2, 11 a. m.

Annual Sermon at the Vine Street Baptist Church, the Pastor, Rev. T. H. Ewing, preaching the sermon. The teachers, graduates, alumni and friends, together with the entire school will march from the Lincoln High School to the Vine Street Baptist Church in the following order: Cadet Band, Cadets in Uniform, Girls in Uniform, Teachers, Parent-Teacher Association Members, Lincoln High School Steering Committee and other friends, the Graduating Class and Graduates of the school.

Monday Evening, June 3, 8:15.

Annual Senior play, "Meig's Steadfast Princess." Cast of thirty characters, Lincoln High School Auditorium. Admission 10 cents.

Tuesday Evening, June 4.

J. W. Perry Oratorical Prize Contest. Prizes given by Mr. J. W. Perry, President of the Southwestern National Bank of Commerce. Lincoln High School Auditorium. Admission free.

Wednesday Evening, June 5.

Alumni entertainment and play, "Mine Eyes Have Seen," by Alice Dunbar Nelson. Eight characters. The local Alumni are making elaborate plans for a fine program on this evening. Lincoln High School Auditorium. Admission free.

Thursday Afternoon, June 6.

Annual Social Reunion of the graduates, honoring local Alumni, especially honoring the class of '08, whose tenth anniversary is being celebrated.

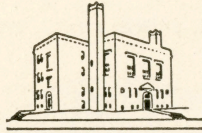
Thursday Evening, June 6, 7:30 to 9:00.

Class day exercises, outside on the lawn. Lincoln High School,

Friday Evening, June 7.

Commencement in Convention Hall. Admission without tickets. The entire public is cordially invited to all of these exercises.

MEMORIES OF LINCOLN



OUR SCHOOL SONG.

What has become of our school spirit? Our school pride? Or why not ask, What has become of our school song? For truly to instill into the hearts of every pupil the beautiful sentiment of this song is to imbue him with a permanent love for his alma mater.

Why can we not march from the devotional exercises to the time of "O, Lincoln High"? Surely, it is more beautiful than the popular melodies of the day. They will soon be forgotten and their places

taken by others which inevitably meet the same fate; but our school song will live forever.

One of the first principles in our education is repetition. Then let us repeat, "O, Lincoln High," so that in cheering our boys on the gridiron, the baseball diamond, or upon any occasion, we shall suffer no chagrin because of this utter neglect.

The music was composed by Prof. Tyler, former Music Instructor of this school. The words were written by Mr. Brown, a former teacher of this school.

"MEMORIES OF LINCOLN."

O! that some angel's voice was near
To sing these notes of gladness,
To chase all silence from the air
That fills our hearts with sadness,
For gladsome notes our lips would breathe,
Of Lincoln, dear old Lincoln
For gladsome notes our lips would breathe,
Of Lincoln.

(Chorus)

O Lincoln High, O Lincoln High
Tho' far down life's path we stray,
Thy memories will cheer the way
O! Lincoln, dear old Lincoln High,
O, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln High!

In fancy's light we see thy walks,
Her sunshine plays upon you;
Her vapors linger round thy halls,
Like ghosts of love so true—
Like treasured dreams of times long past
In Lincoln, dear old Lincoln.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Life's cares with chilling years may come;
Life's duties bring us sorrow;
Ere long voices of our far off homes,
Awakening dream of students hearts
Be thou O Lincoln, Lincoln High.

CLASS HISTORY

"Touch us gently, O Time.
 Let us glide adown thy stream,
 Gently—as we sometimes glide
 Through a pleasant quiet dream."
 Dignified pupils were we,
 Students both happy and free.
 Let our watchword always be
 Onward, Onward, to victory!

IN THE YEAR of nineteen hundred and fourteen, there entered a class of 142 freshmen within the walls of dear old Lincoln. We were timid, but studious pupils. In a short time, we had won the favor of all the teachers by our earnest efforts to succeed. We had some dark and gloomy days, but yet there was always a bright sun to shine o'er us. Our Freshman Club was one of the best attended clubs in the school.

Our second year was one of the happiest years of our school career. Our class president was Helen Clasley. Under her careful direction, our Sophomore class won a banner selling tickets for a recital given by Prof. Harrison, the noted dramatic reader. At the end of our year, a great sorrow overtook our class. It was the will of our great Father to snatch from our midst our beloved president, Helen Clasley. She is greatly missed by us all.

Class '18, Junior year was a success; one that shall not be forgotten by the faculty or student body. Our class seemed full of life and knowledge. There was always a great competition between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors always came out ahead. During this year of our school life, the school had its first exhibition at Convention Hall. A prize was to be given to members of the different classes who sold the most tickets. Here again Class '18 showed her valor by winning two prizes. Christine Davis won \$3.00 and Edward Fladger won \$2.50. Mr. J. W. Perry offer-

ed a prize of \$10 for the best oration from any member of the Senior or Junior classes. The Juniors of course won the first prize. It was won by no other than our class president, Edward Fladger. This year, we were visited again by the Death Angel. Florence Smith was carried from our midst. But we know God loved her best.

The banquet given to the Seniors by our class was one of the grandest occasions that has ever occurred in Lincoln High School. It was a success beyond all measures. Our third year passed like a bright day in June, full of happiness, joy and peace.

Our Senior year in Lincoln passed away in almost no time. During the last year our class bought a Liberty Bond for the school use, and are intending to pay for the hedge around our building before we leave. This year, we have been very patriotic; we have given our ex-president, Edward Fladger, John Price and our beloved class overseer and teacher, Prof. Chas. Smith to the army. We wish them every success. This year, the Seniors gave many rhetorical, all showing the progress made by the pupils in different phases of work and studies. This last year we all have grown to love each other and don't see how we will be able to part. No one knows how we have grown to love old Lincoln. And as we go into the world, our cry will ever be: "We love thee O Lincoln, we love thee."

M. OGDEN HIGBEE.

CLASS GIFTONIAN

Another year and the war is still raging! Everything is so high and I feel it is every patriotic persons duty to "Hooverize", yet it would grieve me very much if I failed to give each member of my class some little token. So in order to be economical, I am going to present most of you a book, not very voluminous, which I trust will prove serviceable whether it finds a place on your library shelves or in your traveling bag.

To HILDA BAILEY I give this book, "Please Make Some Noise." I know she will profit by reading it thoroughly.

To CORRINE BIBBS I give this typewriter, so she may continue her favorite subject.

To IDA BUSH I present this song, entitled "JOHN," to sing when she thinks of _____.

Upon ETHEL COLLINS I bestow this book on "How To Use Face Powder."

To RUBY CONROY I give this poem, "Look Pleasant Please."

To IRENE COWDEN I present a book of "Hints on How To Get Fat."

To CHRISTINE DAVIS I give this "Big Ben" alarm clock so she may get to school on time when she goes away next year.

To GWENDOLYNE ELLIS I grant the privilege to smile once in a while.

To BLOSSOM FOX I give this violin solo, "Clarence" to bring "sweet" memories of an orchestra "friend."

Upon LAURETTA GATEWOOD I bestow this book, "Hints on How to Get Rid of Freckles."

To BLUMER GILHAM I give this weight reducer.

To LOUISE GREEN I present a book, "New Ways to Walk."

To EDNA HAMMETT I give this volume of popular songs, hoping she will enjoy playing them as much as we have enjoyed her playing.

To GENEVIEVE HALL, I give this season ticket to the "Gem."

To OGDEN HIGBEE I present this book on "The Achievements of Fat Women."

To MARY IRWIN I give this book on "How to Pose."

Upon MARGARET JACKSON I bestow this book, "Great Actors and Actresses."

To BERTHA JONES I give these roller skates so she may move to her classes faster.

To SCEVERA KELLEY I give this book on, "How To Be Proper."

To BERTHA MADDOX I give this poem, "Oswald," knowing she will read it with much pleasure.

To ELNORA MOORE I present this book, "How To Study."

To GOLDIE PRICE I give this stick of dynamite to light under her feet so she may move faster.

To VIOLA PAYNE I give these stilts so we may see her once in a while.

I bestow upon BERNICE PAIGE this book "Tacitus, the Soldier Boy," knowing she will read it with the keenest interest.

To RUTH REDD I give this advice, "Don't talk so fast, you might wreck your words."

To BERNICE RICHARDSON I give this book on, "How To Recite In English Literature."

To MARGARET SPENCER I present these dancing slippers.

To EUNICE SMITH I give this Ford car, so she may better earn her title "Mistress of Speed."

Upon DELORES THISTLE I bestow this song, "Those Rolling Eyes."

To HELEN WHEELER I give this book on, "Boys," knowing this will be her only way to get acquainted with the rougher sex.

To MABLE WILLIAMS I give this book, "How and When To Argue."

To COSTELLO WILSON I present this pillow so she may better earn her title, "The Sleeping Beauty."

To FORREST WILSON I give this court plaster to cover her lips so we may keep from hearing her talk so much.

To HONORA WELLS I give the privilege to talk to Ricketts forever.

To MERCEDES COLEMAN I give this poem, "For Goodness Sake Smile."

To IDELLA ROBERTSON I present this book, "How To Get a Northern Accent on Your Words."

Upon HORTENSE JONES I bestow this book on, "The Woman Pugilist."

To OSWALD BARTLETT I give this book on, "Grins."

To ARLANDER BROWN I give this keg of candy so he may get his fill of his favorite food.

To LEROY BURNS I give this monkey tail, so his outfit will be complete.

To ISADORE CHINN I present this hand organ to lead Leroy around with, hoping it will aid him in getting through school.

To WALTER EGGLESTON I give this book, "Big Words and How To Use Them," knowing he will use it to an advantage.

To FELIX GOODWIN I present this book, "Hints on Dancing."

To HAROLD JENNINGS I give this advice, "Get a girl."

Upon EARL GRAY I bestow this book, "How To Keep From Meddling."

To DONALD GREEN I give this megaphone so he may talk louder.

To THAMON HAYES I present this book, "How to Boss."



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.

To NOBLE JONES I give this solo, "Vera" to play on his cello.

To LEON MORTON I give these "Height Producing Pills."

To JOHN McFADDEN I grant the privilege to be with Ida.

To BEN MOORE I present this book of street car tickets to use in going to Kansas to see Miss _____.

To THEO. RICKETTS I give this solo, "Honora" to play when he is dreaming of his fair one.

Upon HARRY ROBERSON I bestow this polly-parrot so he may have company when he is repeating someone.

To WILLIAM SMITH I give this book, "New Excuses and How To Make Them."

To HENRY THOMAS I give this loose fitting suit, knowing he will enjoy being out of one of his "English" awhile.

To MELVIN TOLSON I give this advice, "Don't want to do everything yourself."

To COBURN WALDRON I present this

book, "How To Overcome Giggling," hoping he will use it to an advantage.

Upon EARL WINFREY I bestow this cap and gown so he may look more dignified.

To WALTER PAGE I give these clippers to cut his hair.

To CLARENCE LYONS I give this solo, "Find Me a Girl."

Upon EDWARD FLADGER I bestow the place of honor on the hearts of all, having made us proud of him as a Lieutenant at Camp Funston.

Of course I did not expect a gift, but some of my friends were so anxious that I accept this pedometer to measure my steps running over the school building and grounds. To them I am very thankful. Now that the tiresome task of present giving is over I can rest again. I sincerely hope my friends are pleased as each token was given with that spirit of comradeship that has grown so dear during our four years in school, and with no feeling of hatred and enmity. I wish you all the best of health and luck.

Sincerely,
NEAL HERRIFORD.

CLASS PROPHECY

825 Riverside Drive,
New York City, N. Y.
May 20, 1938.

Prof. J. R. E. Lee,
Lincoln High School,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:

I received your letter last month stating that I had been appointed as one of the committee to find out all that I could about the members of Class '18. I have worked diligently and now submit the following report:

"Eggelston's Dictionary of Pedantic Words," a volume which will be found in most any well equipped library was written by Mr. Walter Eggelston who now resides in Baltimore. He received an A. B. degree from Howard University in Washington, D. C.

Miss Honora Wells is matron at your own Lincoln High School and it is needless for me to speak of the good work she is doing in connection with the young girls of Kansas City.

The discoverer of the "Get Slim Quick Remedy" was Miss Blumer Gilham, who is now a nurse in St. Paul, Minneosta. She received her training at Freshman's College in Washington.

Captain John McFadden has been military instructor at West Point for five years.

Misses Christine and Zephyr Davis are proud owners of a hand laundry on Twelfth and Woodland Streets in Kansas City.

Miss Blossom Fox has a beautiful art studio which is situated on the banks of the Hudson in New York.

The only woman lawyer that Joplin can boast of is Miss Margaret Jackson, who won fame in the revision of the "Grandfather clause."

Mr. William Smith is a great financier and a philanthropist of note. He is now teaching psychology at Oberlin College in Ohio.

Mr. Earl Gray is a great oil magnate. He owns several wells in Argentine, Kansas.

Misses Hortense Jones and Delores Thistle who are inseparable now as they were in their school days are agents for the "Black and White Ointment." They both live in Jefferson City, Missouri.

The star of that famous play, "Sleeping Beauty" is Miss Costello Wilson. This play is now running in Spokane, Washington. Miss Wilson's home is in Des Moines, Iowa.

One of the class of whom we are all so proud is Miss Edna Hammett who is now teaching in the New Orleans Conservatory of Music.

Two of the leading beauty culturists of St. Louis are Misses Mercedes Coleman and Ethel Collins. They own and manage the "Coleman and Collins Beauty Shop" on Market Street.

Miss Viola Payne who resides at 336 South Brighton, Boston, is known as the "Jane Addams" of the Negro race.

Misses Gwendolyne Ellis, Bertha Jones and Hilda Bailey who specialized in Domestic Science are showing their ability in their Tea Room which is operated in the Klines Clothing Store in New York.

Misses Elnora Moore and Ruby Conroy are ushers in Mr. Noble Jones' theatre. This theatre, Lincoln by name is the largest establishment of its kind in Oklahoma.

Nation wide prohibition may be attributed largely to the efforts of Miss Mable Williams. She now lives in Palm Beach, Florida.

Dr. Henry Thomas after finishing a course in dentistry at Meharry College in Tennessee is now practicing in Wyoming.

Chicago's richest Negro is Mr. Earl Winfrey, who still has some of the money which he saved in Lincoln High School Thrift Club.

Miss Corrine Bibbs is stenographer at Flannigan's Furniture Co. The Flannigan store is located in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Mr. Melvin Tolson's twentieth book of poems was published last week. His home is in Boston.

Misses Ogden Higby and Helen Wheeler are both teachers at Fiske University. Miss Higby is teacher of Mathematics and Miss Wheeler is teaching business course.

Mr. Walter Page is in the real estate business in Birmingham, Alabama.

Miss Eunice Smith is now in Africa doing missionary work.

Mr. Oswald Bartlett is a deacon at the St. John's Baptist Church in Omaha. His wife who was Miss Bertha Maddox is choir directress at the same church.

Miss Ida Bush has a large farm near Harrisonville, Missouri.

Miss Ruth Redd is owner of Redd's Cosmetic Company. Her establishment is on Main Street in Chicago.

Mr. Coburn Waldron is pastor of the Holy Roman Church in Shreveport, La.

Miss Scervera Kelley is the only woman physician in Sedalia.

Miss Louise Green has a millinery shop in the above city.

Messrs. Isadore Chinn and Donald Green are partners in a bakery shop at 625 South 18th Street, Hannibal, Mo

Boston's leading Negro cafe, the "Do Drop Inn" is owned and managed by Miss Forrest Wilson.

Misses Gertrude Lee, Irene Cowden and Genevieve Hall are traveling secretaries for the Y. W. C. A.

Mr. Thaymon Hayes has the distinction of being the first Negro to belong to the Harvard Debating Society. His home is in Indiana.

Mr. Arlander Brown is owner of "Brown's Invincible Circus." Mr. Brown is now touring Europe.

Misses Mary Ellen Irving and Margaret Spencer are making good as Grand Opera singers at the Winter Garden in New York.

Mr. Leon Morton is senior member of Morton & Sons Dry Goods Co. The store is located in Nashville, Tennessee

Mr. Felix Goodwin received his degree as Master of Terpsichorean Arts and is now teaching in the gymnasium at Centennial High School, Denver, Colorado

Mr. Harry Robinson is associate editor of the Chicago Defender. It is through his ceaseless efforts that this race of ours is receiving abundant recognition.

Mr. Clarence Lyons, who is an actor of Shakesperian drama, is now playing in "As You Like It." This play is running at the Boyd Theatre in Chicago.

Misses Goldie Price and Bernice Richardson have a boarding house in Anoka, Iowa.

Mrs. Lauretta Gatewood Smith is living quietly and peacefully at "Gatewood Manor" on 18th and Vine Streets, Kansas City, Missouri.

After his graduation Mr. Theodore Ricketts took a two year course in brick masonry at Tuskegee Institute and is now a member of the faculty.

Our brightest light and greatest hope is in Mr. Harold Jennings who is a public orator. It was through him that the Jim Crow laws of the South were done away with. Mr. Jennings lives in Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. Neal Herriford after getting all of the musical knowledge that was obtainable in America, went to Europe, remained there five years studying under master musicians then returned to America and is now teaching the world that "music hath charms."

Mr. Benjamin Moore is vice-president of a large Negro bank which is located in North Carolina.

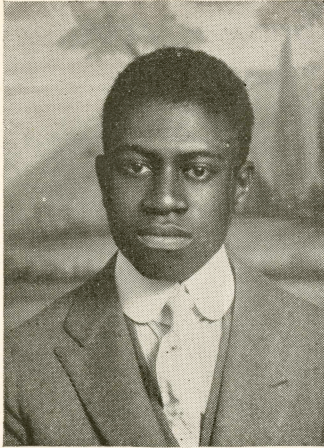
After I finished a course in Domestic Science at Wilberforce. I taught several years at Bessemer High School in Oklahoma. I then married and moved to New York. I also wrote a book, the title of which is "Helpful Hints to Housewives."

I am hoping that this bit of information will be of some use to you and I remain as ever

Yours respectfully,
BERNICE PAIGE TIGNOL.



OUR GIRLS IN THEIR SCHOOL UNIFORM.



MELVIN TOLSON

B. W.—Now folks.
O. P.—To speak.
P. B.—Poet and playwright.

CLASS OF 1918



YE SCRIBE
WRITES:

By-Word Only Pleasure
Prospective Business



BERTHA MADDOX

B. W.—Say little old girl.
O. P.—Writing compositions.
P. B.—English teacher.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

AS THE TIME has come for the Senior Class to depart from the student life of Lincoln High School, I have been summoned to testify and approve of the Will that has been made by them. Furthermore, be it said and agreed upon by each member of the said class that this will be sworn and drawn under me.

It is desired that the lawful heirs of the departing class understand and be satisfied with the following statements.

SECTION ONE.

"Article One." To the teachers, the eldest in the school they leave the Junior class.

SECTION TWO.

"Article One." The Junior being the next lawful heirs inherit the freedom to occupy the front seats in the assembly hall.

"Article Two." There has been given to the Juniors the much loved(?) English Literature, with its many demands for hours of reading and writing.

"Article Three." To the boys they leave the guns, military organization and the band, as the three go hand in hand in carrying on warfare.

To the girls the Domestic Science department, knowing that the knowledge of preparing wholesome food and comfortable clothing will help them in later years.

SECTION THREE.

"Article One." Be it further said that the Seniors give the Juniors the entire school with its new additions, in order that they may accomplish the things that their predecessors failed in or overlooked.

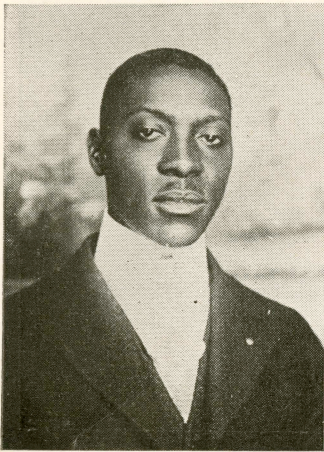
"Article Two." Special attention can be called to the devotion of time and study to the ever-changing nature of chemistry, which will prove to them that they do not know everything.

SECTION FOUR.

"Article One." After the said Junior class has spent one more year in school there will be given to each member the doubts and honor of graduating, if their work has been satisfactory to the members of the faculty who have been appointed legal guardians.

The above articles contained in sections one to four have been drawn up and approved of. So as to cause on this seventh day of June, A. D. 1917 the seal of the state and my signature to be affixed thereto.

BENJ. J. MOORE,
Probate Judge, 9th District.



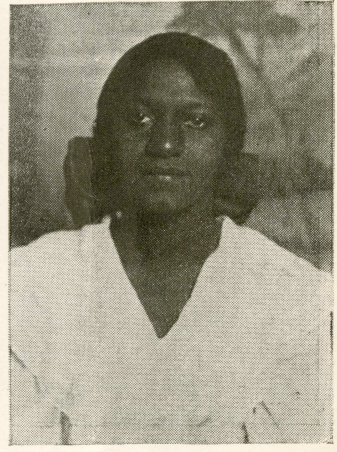
FELIX GOODWIN

B. W.—Er-yes.
O. P.—Being precise.
P. B.—To remain upright.



CORINNE BIBBS

B. W.—Aw Bernice.
O. P.—Cooking.
P. B.—To get married.



HONORA WELLS

B. W.—Ain't it so.
O. P.—Talking.
P. B.—Wife of T. R.

THE MONTHLY RHETORICALS

The monthly rhetorical given alternately by the Senior and Junior classes, have this year been the best ever witnessed by the students of Lincoln High School. These rhetorical exercises, which were started in October, 1916, are for the purpose of getting the pupils in the habit of expressing their thoughts well before a large audience. They are not only given for the above purpose but also to teach something and get information that we would not otherwise endeavor to seek for ourselves. Under the splendid instructions of Mr. Marsden, head of our English Department, Mr. Steward and Miss Brydie, these rhetorical seemed to get better every month. In fact, the students derived more general information from these exercises than it was possible to get from any other school exercise.

In the Thanksgiving rhetorical, which was given by both the Senior and Junior classes, the Junior girls gave us a demonstration of a "War Time Thanksgiving Dinner." In this demonstration they showed us how left over foods can be made into delicious dishes. Another of our rhetorical which was in the form of a debate on the recent Kansas City laundry strike, was given by ten of the most enthusiastic and vigorous debaters in the Senior class. The debaters were namely:

Affirmative—

Orlando Brown
Mabel Williams
Thamon Hayes
Neal Herriford
Corinne Bibbs

Negative—

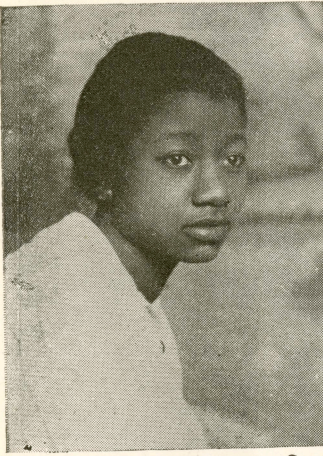
John McFadden
Goldie Price
Noble Jones
Melvin Tolson
Elnora Moore

The subject of the debate was Resolved: "That all strikes should be settled by peaceable means." It was very interesting and the score was 4 to 9 in favor of the affirmative side.

The George Washington's Birthday rhetorical was given in the form of some eight or nine pantomimes that had to do with early colonial days. Each teacher was in charge of a number of pupils who had to plan their own pantomime and make their costumes on a day's notice. Some of the scenes were: "The Spirit of '76," "Valley Forge," "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and others.

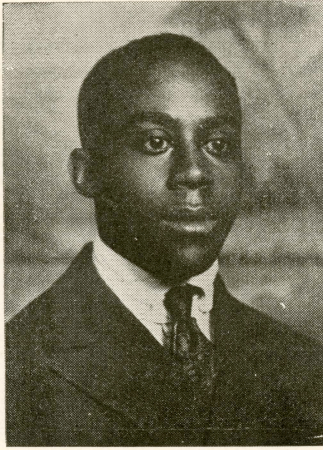
While our rhetorical are given in the form of demonstrations, debate and pantomimes, there are still other forms such as plays, recitations and musical numbers. On the whole these rhetorical are very instructive as well as entertaining, and we hope that the future Seniors and Juniors will continue these splendid exercises.

MARGARET JACKSON.



BERNICE PAIGE

B. W.—You tell it.
O. P.—To boss.
P. B.—To rule her husband.



HAROLD JENNINGS

B. W.—Now I didn't now.
O. P.—Blushing.
P. B.—To get a wife.



LAURETTA GATEWOOD

B. W.—Oh Forrest.
O. P.—Flirting.
P. B.—To be with M. W. and
F. W. a ways.



MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ART

"The music in my heart I love,
Long after it was heard no more."

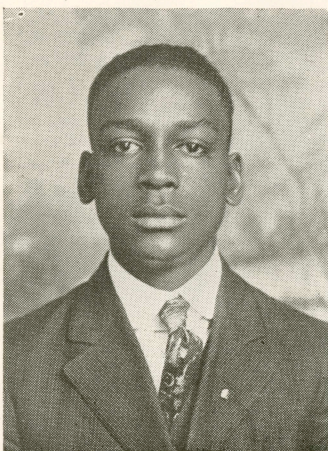
—Wordsworth.

There has been a keen interest taken in the musical activities of our school musical organizations this year. These organizations have increased in number, the students seemingly realizing that the cultural side of their education was not complete without the study of music. Some of these students have entered either the instrumental classes or the chorus. This year we had quartets, sextets and octettes, both vocal and instrumental, on our programs.

The orchestra has increased from fifteen members to twenty-two. Having had a year's experience under an efficient leader, Major N. C. Smith, we entered with a zeal to do even better than last year and keep up the good record we had made as musicians. This year we have undertaken the mastery of several difficult compositions among them, "Prelude to C Minor," by Rachmaninoff and "William Tell Overture," by Rossini. Several less difficult selections have been studied, tone-poems, cornet waltzes and a few Oriental dance selections. The understanding and feeling with which these young musicians played these selections is to be commended. Be-

sides serving in the capacity of a concert orchestra, these players have rendered distinguished service by playing for the school theatricals. Sometimes they have furnished music during the progress of the play and at other times "between acts." The orchestra has been called out frequently to appear on or to give programs at banquets or special gatherings throughout the city. It has been very faithful to the school and has never failed to turn out in large numbers at all of the community meetings. Ten of the Senior class are among these players, and all are looking forward to graduation leaving a big gap to be filled up next year.

The Chorus is fifty-four voices strong. The voices are equally divided between the boys and girls. This year as in the past, we have sung on all of the programs that have been held by the educational gatherings at Convention Hall. At different times we have gone to the churches and have given selections. Among the year's study notable are the "Unfold Chorus," by Gounod, "Gloria from 12th Mass," by Mozart and the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the Messiah. It is need-



ARLANDER BROWN

B. W.—Gimme a piece.
O. P.—Acting crazy.
P. B.—To visit the asylum at St. Joe.



IDA BUSH

B. W.—Aw shoot.
O. P.—Being adverse.
P. B.—Mrs. J. McFadden.



EUNICE SMITH

B. W.—Yes honey, un-nun.
O. P.—Going to dances.
P. B.—Leader of Ladies' Societies.

less to say that the singers were rewarded for the supreme effort made in mastering these selections.

During the year a girls' quartette was organized. These girls are: Julia Lee, Thelma Watts, Edna Hammett and Honora Wells. These girls deserve much credit for the willingness to work and for the ability shown as songsters.

The Lincoln High School Cadet Band has forty-two members this year. These boys have acquitted themselves well this past year, both in concert and on parade. They have held the honor for two years of being the only band in the high school system. Whenever any big parade is held in connection with some celebration, these boys have always led! They play for the activities of all the cadets both black and white. It seems as if the affair is dead that doesn't have the Lincoln High Band near about. The selections have ranged from "Over There" to "Poet and Peasant," by Rossini. This year a band concert was given in our auditorium at which time they proved their ability as musicians. All of their success is due to the tireless efforts of Major Smith. Coburn Waldon is ending the year up as drum major and has proved himself both physically and mentally fit for the position. Several quartets have been organized from the band and have gained favor from the public by their pleasing selections.

Some of the race's most prominent musicians have been brought to the city under the auspices of the High School Parent-Teacher Association.

Roland Hayes, the greatest Negro tenor and one of the foremost singers of America, appeared in recital at Convention Hall,

December 7th. Our chorus was a part of the mammoth chorus that assisted Mr. Hayes in three numbers, and our orchestra was a part of the big orchestra that played the accompaniments. The chorus was directed by Prof. R. G. Jackson of Western University and the orchestra by our own Major Smith.

Miss Helen Hagan, concert pianist, recently appeared in our high school auditorium. Miss Hagan finished her studies at the New England Conservatory and then went abroad, graduating from the Paris Conservatory. She has served as an inspiration to many of the younger musicians of the race. Miss Hagan is considered one of the greatest pianists before the public today, black or white.

All of these things show that while we can translate Virgil's Aeneid, solve algebraic equations, and parse verbs, we can warble and play Bach and Beethoven equally as well!

NEAL F. HERRIFORD, '18.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Senior Dramatic Club, under the direction of the teacher of expression and with the cooperation of the students, has been a great success. The club is made up of nine willing, active and vigorous members; other students of the class at large willingly take part when needed. Several plays have been already been successfully presented.

During Thanksgiving week the Dramatic Club presented the witch scene from Shakespeare's "Macbeth." All of the characters played their parts well. The cast of characters was as follows:



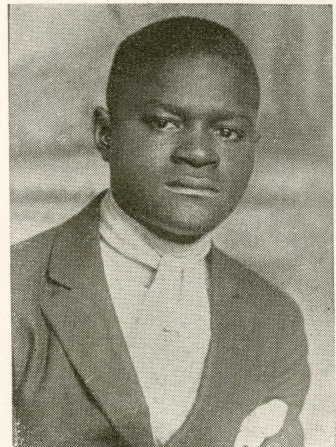
WILLIAM SMITH

B. W.—Oh boy.
O. P.—Teasing the girls.
P. B.—Champion excuse maker.



ETHEL COLLINS

B. W.—Oh shoot.
O. P.—Getting angry.
P. B.—To be late forever.



HENRY THOMAS

B. W.—Chile, I wouldn't know.
O. P.—Acting cute.
P. B.—Prince of dress.

Macbeth	Henry Thomas
First Witch	Viola Payne
Second Witch	Elnora Moore
Third Witch	Blossom Fox
Hecate	Scevera Wells
First Apparition	Honora Wells
Second Apparition	Gwendoyne Ellis
Third Apparition	Bernice Richardson
Lennox	Orlando Brown

THE FIRST XMAS EVE

At Christmas time two short plays were presented, one entitled "The First Xmas Eve" and the other "The Spirit of Xmas."

The plays were presented by the following casts:

Old Man	Isadore Chinn
Woman	Margaret Jackson
Child	Viola Payne
Soldier	Coburn Waldon
Shepherd	Neal Herriford
Angel	Forrest Wilson

THE SPIRIT OF XMAS

Father Time	Harry Robinson
Father Xmas	Henry Thomas
Mortal	Melvin Tolson
Old Year	Earl Forte
New Year	Leon Morton
Past	Ruth Redd
Present	Zephyr Davis
Future	Irene Cowden
The Sun Hours.....	Ogden Higbee, Ida Bush, Hilda Bailey, Costello Wilson

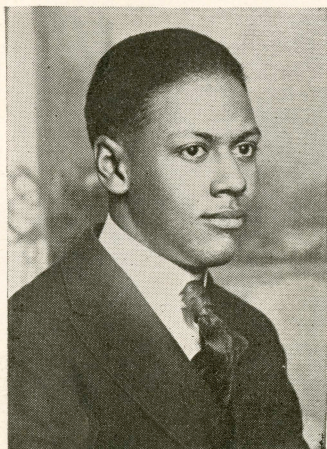
On returning to school after the Xmas holidays, the Senior class pledged itself to pay for the hedge which surrounds our school premises, and on April 15th, the Senior Dramatic Club presented "Cinderella" for that purpose.

Never before in the history of Lincoln High School was a play more enjoyed than that of "Cinderella." All of the characters seemed to feel their parts just as though they were the real person.

Miss Forrest Wilson made an ideal Cinderella; and won the sympathy of the large audience from the beginning. Miss Jackson, who portrayed the proud, detestable stepmother, played her role to perfection. All of the characters played their parts exceptionally well. The characters were:

Cinderella	Forrest Wilson
Counselor and Lieutenant (beaux of the stepsister).....	Harry Robinson and Neal Herriford
Pepercornelia (stepmother).....	Margaret Jackson
Cinderella's Father	Henry Thomas
Vainbetty, stepsister	Honora Wells
Scratchcatty, stepsister	Ethel Collins
Dame Truly	Viola Payne
Prince	Isadore Chinn
Herald and Magpie.....	Ben Moore, Gwendolyne Ellis
Watchman	Earl Forte
Ladies-in-Waiting	Bernice Paige, Bertha Maddox
Cinderella's Doves and Pigeons.....	Margaret Spencer, Mary Irving and Ida Bush
Squirrel Coachman.....	Theodore Martin

The class is now preparing to present another play on class night entitled "The Steadfast Princess." Thus the aid of our splendid dramatic teacher and the cooperation of the students, I am sure it will be a success. The following is a synopsis of the play:



COBURN WALDRON

B. W.—Yes'm.
O. P.—Grinning.
P. B.—Husband to R. R.



BLOSSOM FOX

B. W.—Say kids.
O. P.—Singing.
P. B.—High soprano singer.



MERCEDES COLEMAN

B. W.—Aw hush now.
O. P.—Grinning.
P. B.—Oh nothing, particularly.

The Toymaster, fearing the evil that surrounded his niece, fled with her from his native land to a cold, mountainous country. There he meets an old woman named Gretchen, and her grandson, Hansel, in whose cottage he makes his home.

Later he takes up the trade of toymaking from whence he gets his name, the Toymaster.

After his niece, Ursula, has become of age, he receives the news that the king, his brother is dead and that Ursula must take her father's place. It is then that the Toymaster tells Ursula his secret; of how he fled with her from their own land when she was three years old, and that he is none other than her uncle. He then makes her vow to be a "true and steadfast queen" to the end of her reign.

Several months later, after Queen Ursula has taken her father's place, she finds out that Johannas Kraft and Nicholas Halm, her father's counselors, led her father through his old age by dictating to him how he should rule. Ursula is then determined to either break the will of the counselors, or they break hers. She also finds out that her people fought Astancia, a neighboring country, for ten years and finally made peace. Johannas Kraft, who had a hand in the peace terms, made a demand that hostage should be given, who was the king's son. The people of Astancia lived up to their terms, but Johannas Kraft attempted to kill the Prince, who finally escaped from him.

Astancia threatens war if at a certain time the Prince does not show up. This causes Queen Ursula to ask what has become of him. Johannas Kraft says that it is rumored that the Prince died in pris-

on, but Nicholas Halm says that no one knows where he is.

Meanwhile the Toymaster comes to visit Ursula and finds her in much distress. She begs him to take her back home with him, but he reminds her of the vow she made "to be a true and steadfast queen" which makes her determined to remain for the sake of her people.

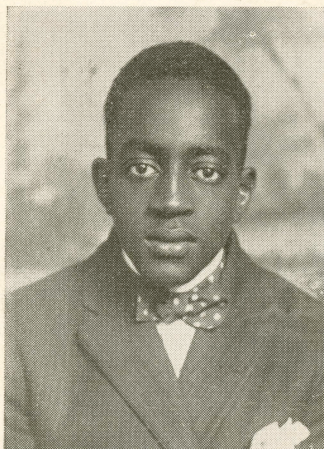
Before the Toymaster bids Ursula farewell, the Prince turns up and with him are soldiers escorting Johannas Kraft and Nicholas Halm to their doom. The Prince then tells how the counselors tried to slay him and how he escaped from their hands.

The play will be presented by the following cast:

Toymaster	Neal Herriford
Ursula	Margaret Jackson
Gretchen	Honora Wells
Hansel	Viola Payne
Johannas Kraft	Henry Thomas
Nicholas Halm	Melvin Tolson
Prince	Benjamin Moore
Gardener	Isadore Chinn
Peasant Woman	Blumer Gilham
Her Child	Gwendolyne Ellis
Ambassador	William Smith
First Sentry	Earl Winpey
Second Sentry	Felix Goodman
Soldiers, courtiers, fairies, etc.	

MARGARET JACKSON.





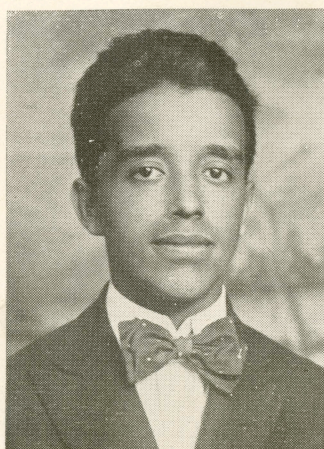
DONALD GREEN

B. W.—Say now.
O. P.—Dancing with Hilda.
P. B.—Druggist.



HELEN WHEELER

B. W.—Well I know, but—
O. P.—Studying.
P. B.—Church worker.



EARL GRAY

B. W.—Tee hee, I don't know.
O. P.—Running after the girls.
P. B.—To get a girl.

PERRY ORATORICAL CONTEST

"Heavens sake! Again? Another contest? Are we to have another chance at those prizes this year? Well, though my brain is all befuddled with exams I'm going to try!" This was the resolution of fifty-two Juniors and Seniors who entered the second Perry Oratorical Contest.

This year as last, Mr. J. W. Perry, president of the Southwest National Bank of Commerce, is offering two prizes, one of ten dollars, the other of five, to the persons who deliver the best orations at the contest, which will take place Commencement Week.

Last year, forty-two persons entered the contest, but only twenty-eight wrote. Of the twenty-eight, fifteen were chosen to appear on the preliminary contest, from which eight were to be chosen for the final contest. The eight chosen were: Edward Fladger, Hazel Hickum, Emmett Gleed, Harry Roberson, Ruth Redd, Neal Herriford, Doris Wells and Melvin Tolson.

The contest took place Tuesday evening, June 5, 1917. The Junior and Senior classes gathered to "root" for their respective speakers. Much enthusiasm was exhibited at this contest. From the confusion that took place before the contest, one would have thought it was a contest between the inmates of some asylum! Ben Moore was cheer-leader for the Juniors and Garfield Greene for the Seniors.

One by one these "young Demosthenes" ascended the platform and delivered their orations in a forceful manner, settling back in their seats again to wait for the judges' decision.

After these eight speakers had delivered the orations, the judges' decision was returned, the first prize going to a Junior, J. Edward Fladger and the second prize to a Senior, Emmett Gleed. The winning subjects were both on "Negro Business Enterprise—A Race Asset."

It is needless to say that the Juniors "took the house," one of their number having taken first prize.

This year as has been stated there are fifty-two contestants. The subjects are much on the order of the ones last year, concerning the war, public welfare, race problems, and some new subjects. The boys and girls have entered the contest with a great deal of zeal. All seem to have the determination to win, and are doing their best to make their papers come up to the standard. This contest seems to be creating more interest this year than last and all indications are that it will be a close and well fought contest!

N. F. HERRIFORD, '18.

Heard In Cooking Class.

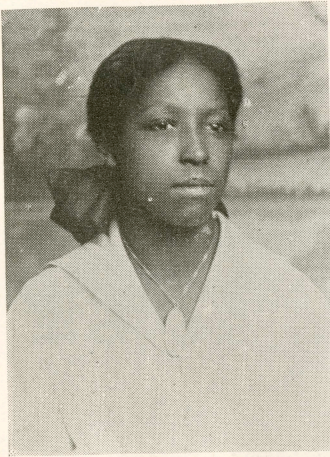
Teacher—From what animal do we get our salt pork?

Pupil—From the lamb.

"Willie," said a proud father, "your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

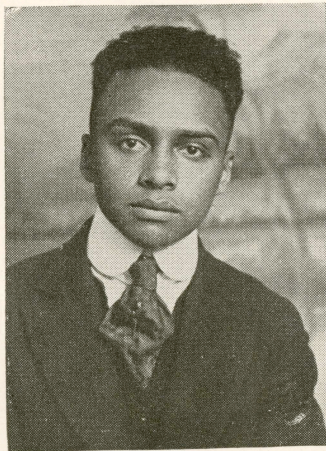
"Yes, pa," Willie replied, "And do you know when he was your age he was president of the United States?"

L. S., '19



GENEVIEVE HALL

B. W.—Nothing else.
O. P.—Jimmy.
P. B.—Confidence exchanger.



BENJAMIN MOORE

B. W.—As I was about to say.
O. P.—Telling jokes.
P. B.—Comedian.



DELORES THISTLE

B. W.—Aw-w.
O. P.—Laughing.
P. B.—Champion eye roller.

SOME OF US --- ALPHABETICALLY

F is for Fox,
Singing her fame,
Would you know what she's like?
Take a glance at her name

W is for Waldon
And Coburns a peach!
He's hero 'mong girls—
Has some gang in his reach.

H is for Hayes,
Debater of old,
He's a bear of an orator
And does what he's told.

H is for Hammett,
She sure is O. K.
"Ed" can sing for old Lincoln
Most any old day.

P is for Paige,
Bernice sure has pep.
When this Miss is coming
You'd please watch your step.

M is for Mabel,
She sure is some girl!
And as for debating,
She's a regular pearl.

M is for Morton,
Leon surely is rough,
He can out-talk and whip,
Any eighteenth street tough.

C is for Corinne,
Concise and direct,
And will be, I'll bet you
Congresswoman elect!

O is for Oswald
Always smiling you see,
And 'tis said that Bartlett,
Is Bertha's hubby to be.

B is for Blumer,
She's quite "avoirdupois,"
Is a popular young lady,
With both girls and boys.

F is for Forrest,
An actress you know,
And as a star lady,
She's there with the "dough."

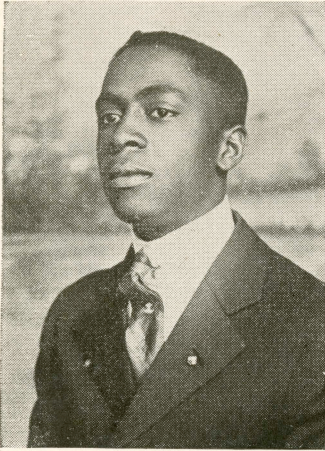
R is for Ruth,
So quiet and sedate,
As slim girl of the Seniors,
Number one does she rate.

P is for Payne,
And for Price too,
For what does the one,
The other must do!

C is for Costello,
Renowned "sleeping beauty,"
And especially in chapel,
She makes this her duty.

Chritine and Spencer,
Star dancers so gay,
And we predict that these girls,
Will be "Pavlowas" some day.

L is for Lauretta,
Or "Freckles" it may be,
As champion talker,
She's "A-1" you see.



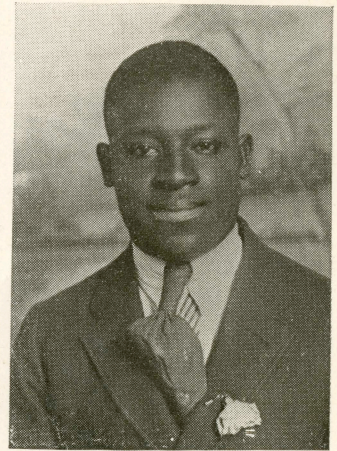
ISADORE CHINN

B. W.—I hate to tell you
pardner.
O. P.—Singing rag songs.
P. B.—Ragtime singer.



IRENE COWDEN

B. W.—What's that you said.
O. P.—Laughing and talking.
P. B.—Human parrot.



THAMON HAYES

B. W.—Say Boy.
O. P.—Making orations.
P. B.—To play that trombone
forever.

H is for Harry,
"Ego" swelled his head,
His knowledge bump grows,
By repeating what's said.

E is for Eunice,
With so quick a step,
She outran a Ford,
And established a rep.

B is for Ben,
Our versatile kid,
He opens up mysteries,
That have centuries been hid.

T is for Tolson,
And some poet he!
'Tis said that Sir Melvin
Is our Dunbar to be!

P is for Page,
And his big bass fiddle,
To see them you'd think,
He is "hey diddle diddle."

I is for Isadore,
A barber to be,
For his Chinn needs shaving,
As you plainly can see.

R is for Ricketts,
And Honora is too!
Sure these two will be one,
Just between me and you!

E for the Earls,
Mucisians of fame,
For in the L. H. orchestra
They made a good name!

N is for Noble,
And his little cello.

Jones always greets you,
With a merry "hello."

H is for Herriford,
Some say he is punk,
But here we can't praise him,
He wrote all this junk!

FAREWELL SENIORS.

Farewell, most noble Seniors!
We hate to see you go;
But a higher station calls you
From the petty things below.

You've finished your foundation
Composed of well-spent days;
And may you build thereon
A house which none can raze.

Let not the trifles of the world
Deprive you of your time,
But utilize the whole of it,
And make your work sublime.

We hope to see you all erect
A safe and sturdy wall;
That we by climbing after you
May not be apt to fall.

That we may aid you in the work
Of lifting up our race,
And placing it upon a height
Which time cannot deface.

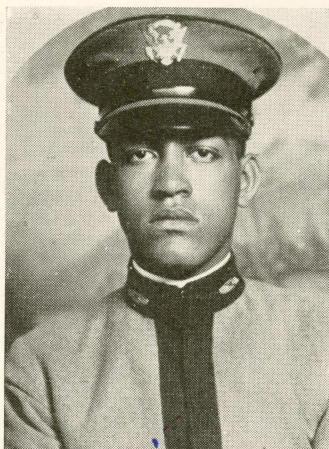
Again we say to you Farewell,
While lights of friendship glow,
And may all good be with each one
Wherever you may go.

Michael Elmer Hicks, '19.



GOLDIE PRICE

B. W.—Uh-huh.
O. P.—Being with Viola.
P. B.—To skate and dance eternally.



JOHN McFADDEN

B. W.—Well.
O. P.—Directing the cadets.
P. B.—Commander.



MARGARET JACKSON

B. W.—Aw shucks.
O. P.—Acting.
P. B.—Actress.

WANDERERS IN THE SIERRA

By Melvin Beaumorus Tolson.

My soul is like a stagnant pool
In a desert bleak and wild,
Where every wind is dry as dust
And Nature fails to smile.
Like one forsaken and forlorn,
On a grey, cloud-shrouded shore,
I rue the day that I was born
And weep for Ellanore.

It is a gusty brumal evening and I lounge in my heavy-oak Morris chair—in my little office—with my feet resting upon the desk, watching the vapory ringlets of smoke, from my arabesque pipe, as they float skyward, swelling and ultimately breaking, even as the spell of a lingering dream. I feel secure from the outside world and its turbulent vicissitudes. A sweet, seraphic countenance—as fair as any God has made—smiles at me from out the Stygian shadows. Oh how that face haunts my soul! I start from my chair, embracing the thin evening air. The face vanishes and the tomb-like silence is unbroken, save by the ticking of the ancient timepiece in one corner and the rattling of the shutters, when blown by the storm. With the ashes of memory burning upon the altar of my soul, I walk the length of the chamber, pause before the Venetian mirror, study my woe-begone countenance, once a picture of health; and then stride back to my chair—buried in thoughts. Ever and anon a shadowy pedestrain passes the frost-laden window and the snow-visaged elm sways

against the gable. Dreams stir my soul, time-mellowed associations rise, and soon I am lost in an elysian reverie. Finally rousing myself I take from my desk a manuscript—a story of the ghost-haunted Valley of Death, the rugged Sierra, and my love, my light—the dark-eyed Ellanore.

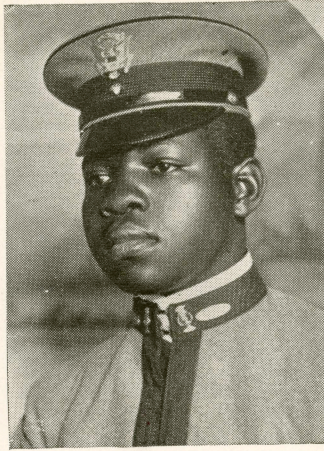
There is a land, in the very heart of the far West, where men go to wrestle with obstinate Nature and shadow their past in the abyss of obscurity. It is a land where every son of Mother Earth has a man's chance—the weakling falls by the wayside and the masters of the trail stumble over his body, in the mad rush for gold. Severing all home ties, I launched into this wild vortex of humanity, looking for adventure and romance. Through it all I had passed unblemished, but with a certain pang I realized I had lost—lost that for which I would have given the world.

Well do I remember that blustery evening when I first met the world-renowned virtuoso, poet and cosmopolitan, Louis McNaster—at the old Highway Tavern. Growing tired of the easy going, boon companions in the amusement hall, I ascended to my den on the second floor. Suddenly the past came vehemently upon me like a mighty avalanche, burying my sensitive soul under a mountain of remorse. A guilty conscience is an Inferno of torments. Why was it that a little slip of paper should give me so much pain?



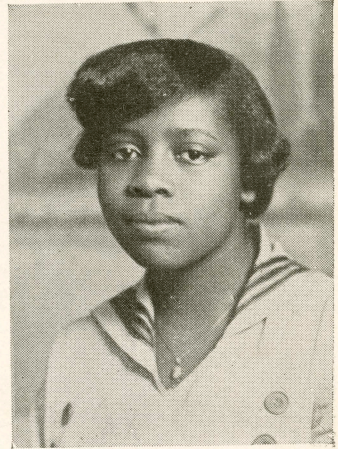
RUBY CONROY

B. W.—Naw, now.
O. P.—Being quiet.
P. B.—To look solemn forever.



WALTER PAGE

B. W.—Haw, Haw; Say Boy.
O. P.—Wearing pinch-back suits.
P. B.—To reduce his weight.



OGDEN HIGBEE

B. W.—Uh-huh, I know it.
O. P.—Talking about money.
P. B.—Tale-carrier.

Taking the crumbled letter from my pocket, I read and reread the fateful lines.

"Although thou hast me forgotten,
Still this yearning soul of mine
Will pray for thee, will still love thee,
Long as God's sunlight shall shine;
And within the Eternal City
My soul shall clasp the soul of thine."

That was all, and in the corner was signed the name, "Faithful, Ellanore."

Blindly I staggered into my room, muttering the ominous appellation. I was soul-sick. Suddenly the world had become as dry as dust. No longer did the romance of the West appeal to my fecund imagination.

I had seated myself before the roaring fireplace, to toast my heels and dream the dreams of a typical lover, when I was aroused by a loud pounding on the door and the vociferous voice of my landlady.

"Oh, Mistah Du Bois!" cried she, "I'd like ter speak ter ye a moment, please."

I arose lazily—perturbed and impatient; for I had sought this remote place to heal a broken heart and foster my latent propensity for art and literature. But, more than once, while trying to collect my fleeting wits, the landlady had ruined all by her heart-rending loquacity. I threw open the door and stood, for a moment, gazing fixedly upon the beaming countenance before me.

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" I bowed extravagantly.

"I'm sorrow ter—er—disturb—"

"Out with it, Dame Van Winkle" I thundered.

The old woman frowned, smiled foolishly, and scratched her head.

"Why here's a gentleman what wants ter see ye"; as she spoke she ushered in a stranger.

He was a portly, athletic youth, with flashing black eyes and finely chiseled features; snow covered him in glistening flakes and a portmanteau was strapped on his back. There was an air of romance about him that appealed to me; yea, drew me unresisting to him. Oh how he could smile! His very soul seemed to be reflected in its youthful loveliness.

"An inclement night for a traveler," said he, laughing lightly.

"Why, I should say," replied I, somewhat embarrassed for lack of words.

He plunged immediately in medias res.

"I'd like to form a partnership with you," he began, looking about my comfortably furnished chamber, at easels, paintings, ancient bric-a-brac, and the long shelves of books that occupied one side. "I see you're like myself—literary inclined. This is indeed an ideal literateur's den. But, what say you of a companion in your earthly Paradise—helluo librorum?"

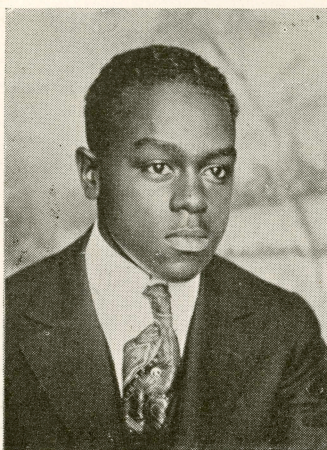
He held out his hands dramatically, and his open countenance contradicted any forebodings of mine. There was an agreeable French accent in his voice and a mellow, poetic simplicity in his speech that set him apart from other men. But where could this learned traveler, from out the snowy shadows, have come from? What land gave him birth? What were his connections? A student, was my deduction.

For a moment, I mused undecidably. There was a strong desire to form the acquaintance of the youth; for characters always appeal to me, especially when they are out of the ordinary. Then, too, I needed diversion. Ellanore was lost to me forever. I had gone east to my own home village to find her, after gaining success as a por-



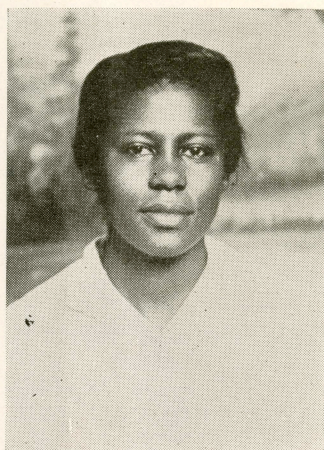
VIOLA PAYNE

B. W.—I say it is.
O. P.—Good natured fussing.
P. B.—To crochet and skate forever.



NEAL HERRIFORD

B. W.—Aw shut up.
O. P.—Fussing.
P. B.—To be a concert pianist.



IDELLA ROBERTSON

B. W.—Huh, Yes, Uh-huh.
O. P.—Looking mad.
P. B.—Just to be quiet.

trayer of western life, but she and the old man had left for unknown parts.

"Yes, Mistah Du Bois," said the landlady, who had stood in the doorway listening; "I think it'd be a good idee—"

"For you, financially, of course. Well I'll try it."

"Good!" cried he, "I shall strive to be agreeable, ma fois. But what's your name?"

"Marcus Du Bois."

"Louis McNaster," said he with a smile, striding forward to grasp my hand.

From that moment, the poet and I became warm friends.

Time sped on and closer grew the ties that bound us together. Our thoughts were congenial and long were we wont to talk over our favorite topics: Art, Literature, Love, Science and Politics. I found my companion to be a brilliant conversationalist, with a world of experience. I am a lover of stories and music, and my friend was well versed in both. Often, at evening time, when the sweet-breathed zephyrs were sweetest, Louis would sing and play his time-mellowed violin. His songs were always melancholy in theme, with a mystic touch of the Orient.

I was lounging on the divan one afternoon and my companion sat deeply buried in a leather-bound chair. I did not disturb him, for I noticed that he loved to ruminate and dream like myself.

"Marcus," said he, suddenly come to life, "did you ever have a love affair?" He went on without waiting for an answer: "Why should I ask such a question; every man has met his Juliet."

"And I am not an exception to the rule," laughed I.

He continued romantically: "A man's first love is the balsamic benediction of heaven that tempers his life—'tis a something, with-

out which, life becomes as dry as dust, ambition fades, and Elysiam itself is turned into an abode of torments and tears. Oh, how pleasurable it is to look back on the lingering shadow of your first sweetheart! What celestial memories and haloed associations are conjured up!"

This son of the Muses had touched a vital chord in the harp-strings of my existence. I felt that after all my life was empty. Still musing, I dropped off into a lethargic reverie.

My companion came over to the divan and sat at my side.

"Give the circumstances of your affaire du coeur," I said.

"Five years ago I was an unknown scribbler in the Latin Quarter of Paris, in other words, its Greenwich Village. I, the dreaming poet, walking through the blazing, bustling street of the metropolis looking for a publisher. The waif, striving artist, and other sons of poverty, were my daily companions in that vortex of humanity. Day after day passed without bringing me my long-desired fame.

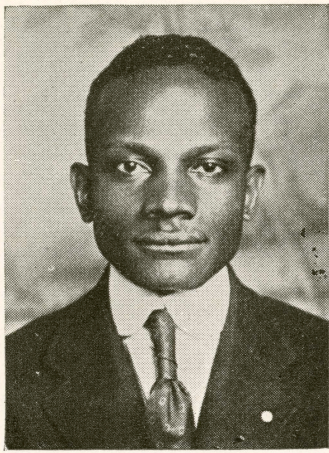
"Life is a game and we weak mortals gamble Fate. At the time, I was living in a garret—one of those pantom-haunted chambers you have read—when an American family moved on the first floor. I can see now that ruddy-faced old lady and her blossoming damsel. I found the girl to be an artist of no mean ability. Both of us had ambitions that soared ad astra. In the still evening, I would sit for hours watching the Maid O' Orleans busy at her easel. Then, love took possession of my soul and made me a real poet. She was the inspiration that brought me fame."

"What was the name of that first poem?" I ventured.



COSTELLO WILSON

B. W.—Naw, now.
O. P.—Fussing with Ida.
P. B.—Dancing teacher.



HARRY ROBERTSON

B. W.—Yes, thats' what I
say.
O. P.—Stalling.
P. B.—Ideal gentlemen.



RUTH REDD

B. W.—Oh girl.
O. P.—Talking fast.
P. B.—To remain slender.

"The Maid O' Orleans," he replied, "a poem and not a poem, but a bit of enchanting music—mystic, haunting."

"Let's hear it," I cried eagerly; for I had read of that exquisite lyric that had stirred the whole literary world. He colored slightly, picked up a volume of his works from the table and began in a clear, musical voice, pregnant with emotion:

"The cottonfields are snowy and the night-owl breaks the still,
All the winds are music-laden from the cowbells on the hill,
And the moonlight glasses ever on the shimmering, meadow-rill—
Maid o' Orleans."

With dramatic gesticulations and a voice that became almost sepulchral betimes, Louis McNaster spoke the deepest sympathies of his soul. I noticed the changes that came over his youthful countenance, at times lighting it with joy and a sudden ecstasy, and then shrouding it in anxious gloom. When he had finished the last stanza I knew that I had listened to a genius. For a moment we were silent and then I broke into a deluge of honest praise.

"What became of the girl?"

"She vanished suddenly, God knows where." His head dropped.

"Cheer up, old man," I cried, patting him on the shoulder, "Fate had the winning card on both of us. We'll challenge her again, and we'll win. We'll leave this sordid place and each will go his way to find the girl of his heart. We'll search the world. This shall be the greatest game of our lives."

"Tis so, Marcus," and we shook hands.

The following week we took our departure. As we stood on the wooden platform at the small station, I felt that I was losing my best

friend forever. It was true, our trails never crossed again.

Night fell, wrapping the silent, undulating sands of the desert in gray shadows. As far as the eye could reach lay a sea of alkali dust and sand, with here and there a dark boulder silhouetted against the horizon. Somewhere beyond lay a bleak, sterile range of mountains shrouded in clouds—known as the Sierra, by plainsmen. A million stars winked impishly in the amethyst vapors of heaven, while ever and anon strange, unearthly sounds broke the evening hush. I swung from my tired steed, reins in hand, and prepared to camp for the night; for I had ridden hard all day and was extremely fatigued.

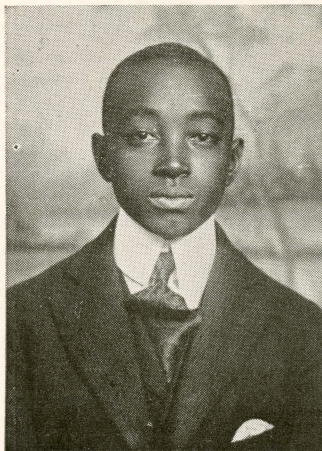
This is the trail of Bleached Bones that leads, in its serpentine meanderings, through the ghost-haunted recesses of Sierra. Who has not heard of this vast, sterile waste of mountains and plain, along whose road of death the lonely traveler beholds sights that make his blood run cold? The bones of dead men lie on the desert sands unburied; skeletons of horses litter the trail; and odious vultures hover near, with wild screams of avidity and joy. Indeed, once while crossing this bare waste, I saw a huge buzzard devouring the vitals of a man. Therefore the name is one to conjure with and stimulate the imagination. Tragedy and Fate stalk hand in hand, while the grey wolf Hunger, and his demented companion Thirst, roam the plains unshaken, gathering the toll of all living things.

After eating a caviary supper of smoked venison and hoe-cake, I sat for a long time smoking my pipe and dreaming. Of what was I dreaming? Of a little home, embosomed in cedars, on the banks of the Hudson, and an old man listening to his comely daughter playing the songs of old, on a heavy, oak



LOUISE GREEN

B. W.—Oh shaw.
O. P.—Wearing diamonds.
P. B.—Good dresser.



LEROY BURNS

B. W.—Uh-h.
O. P.—Sleeping.
P. B.—Ball player.



CHRISTINE DAVIS

B. W.—I didn't either.
O. P.—Dancing and giggling.
P. B.—Physical training teacher.

piano. But it was all a dream; for those congenial friends had disappeared somewhere in the world, as if by magic. Again a wave of sorrow, charged with remorse, swept over my soul. Lost in troublesome thought, my head sank wearily on my breast and the flickering flames of camp-fire, growing dimmer, faded away. I slept soundly.

It must have been midnight, when I was aroused by a wild scream. I sprang up, pistol in hand—for the I knew the code of the desert—shoot first and then investigate. For a moment, I stood straining every fiber of my body with the intentness of a disturbed tiger. Again—five minutes having passed—I heard a low, convulsive sob in the distance. The cry of a woman was my immediate deduction. In fact, the voice had a familiar note in it. What could a woman be doing in this God forsaken land? Why was she sobbing so vehemently? But this was no time for shadowy deductions and whimsical surmises. Perhaps a life depended on my action. Untethering the horse and grasping the bridle firmly, I crept cautiously in the direction of the sound, that big, pearl-handled revolver thrust forward.

The cries had come from a greater distance than I had calculated. Finally, after much toil in working my way forward, I approached a promiscuous growth of sagebrush, behind which I heard a raucous, imperative voice laughing harshly. As I gazed through the ashen branches I beheld a scene that will live in my memory forever.

A dark form lay huddled in a heap on the sand, its somber features distorted and upturned, its glassy eyes staring death-like into the windless night, while the pallid-blue lips moved convulsively. A sun-tanned girl, clad in the crude garb of the desert, her raven hair disheveled and her pale face a graphic

picture of terror, stood trembling hard by. For a moment I was speechless, transfixed. The uncouth voice went on in its diabolical tones: "Your turn will come soon, my fair; the devil's to pay fer it. Ah, that ole gray-beard wid his infernal lie—", and, uttering a vile oath, the giant walked deliberately over to the huddled form and kicked it several times. My God! what a pitiful, supplicating groan escaped from those purple lips. I can still hear that death cry echoing in my ears.

I could stand it no longer. I went mad. My blood boiled and little red demons danced before my eyes. The man whirled and advanced upon the girl, who was shaking like one with ague. Now he had seized her wrist, and a sinister gleam stole into his eyes—the libidinous gleam of a devil. Having covered the distance in a moment, I seized the man by the throat, hurled him backward adroitly and bore him downward. A flame of hope lit the girl's face and she gave a little cry of joy. With a mighty heave the giant cast me from him and rushed wildly. I brought my revolver up and stood for a moment, dreading to spill even the blood of a villain. Cursing his Maker, the man closed in, grasped my wrist in a vise-like grip, forced me backward with his Atlantean strength, and accidentally discharged the pistol. The bullet glanced my left ear, drawing blood.

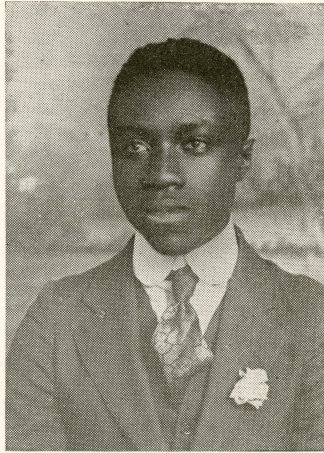
In the struggle, the revolver fell to the ground. Now it was brawn against brawn, skill against weight. Again that old fierce spirit I had shown in the football scrimmages at Northwestern thrilled my veins. I grit my teeth and went to work doggedly. My man was ostensibly becoming winded. It would be only a matter of time, I thought. Then something unexpected happened.

I saw the man's right hand wrench free, drop to his side and rise, with a gleaming



FORREST WILSON

B. W.—Oh hush.
O. P.—Talking to Harry
P. B.—Mistress of a fine home.



NOBLE JONES

B. W.—Say.
O. P.—Getting mad.
P. B.—Husband to V. A.



MARY ELLEN IRVING

B. W.—Ed-nah.
O. P.—The gents.
P. B.—To remain cute and babyish.

object in its palm—a bowie knife. My heart stopped beating. My face went colorless. The game was over. Slowly, with the fateful blade uplifted, the man worked for an opening. He was used to knife-play, I deducted. No novice could work so skillfully. Then again the unexpected happened, as the death-dealing weapon stood but two inches from my heart, ready for a final plunge. My work had all been in vain. The hot perspiration broke on my brow. Poor girl.

Suddenly the hand stopped in its forward drive. I felt the giant's icy fingers on my wrist. What was the matter? I suspected a feigned play at first; but all at once, the man crumbled up in a heap and sank at my feet. I stood gazing upon the rugged form, paralyzed with fear. What had turned the battle in my favor?

"Thank God," cried the girl, sinking at my side. I was somewhat embarrassed and lifted her up. Then I started back.

"Ellanore!" I exclaimed.
"Why, Marcus Du Bois!"

There in that solitude of sand and desert-growth, surrounded by the eternal Sierra, I poured out the emotion of my soul. For a moment we forgot about our strange environment. I was again an easy-going country boy. How long we stood thus—my arms entwining the comely form of my love in one heavenly, love-satisfying embrace—I know not. Finally, the lips that clung to mine trembled with a sob and the eyes, that had once glowed with the love-light, dimmed with tears. I rued the day that the wander-lust had led me from my beautiful, cherub-countenanced Ellanore.

We hurried over to the prostrate form of her father. He was about done for; his breath came in great gasps. Ellanore fell

at his side, calling his name and weeping violently. I lifted her up; took my flask and bathed his brow. Suddenly becoming delirious, the old man stretched his hand heavenward and cried: "Gold! gold! there's great heaps of it. See! see! I'll get all of it. Come, Ella, and gather it up. Ah, the sky rains it—the gold, the shining gold." Growing weak, the old man, my old friend, gasped and fell back on my arm, his eyes rolling wildly. His face had gone blue. He was dead. With tears in my eyes, I attempted to comfort the girl.

Between sobs she told me of their wild rush to the gold fields of California; of their meeting with Austin Smith and his employment as a guide; of his treachery and death, at this critical point in the battle, because of heart trouble. I walked over to the huddled form of Smith and examined it. Did I see those rigid lips move or had my eyes deceived me? It must have been the latter. Leaving my pistol on the sand where it had fallen, I prepared to pay my last respect to my old friend.

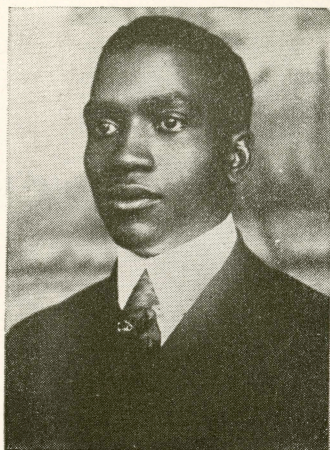
Digging his grave deep, we buried him under the silent stars, there in that windless waste. Over the sandy urn Ellanore and I clasped hands and made a vow of eternal love. A great joy, shadowed by the death of her father, overwhelmed my soul. I know not why, but I felt a foreboding of something evil. Then, for the third time, the unexpected happened.

While standing there in the silvery moonlight, a sharp report rang out. Ellanore uttered a cry and fell lifeless in my arms. Fear gripped my heart. Who had fired the shot? My love was dead. I would die; for the light of my soul had gone out. Harsely I repeated her name, but only gloomy echoes



SCEVERA KELLEY

B. W.—Evidently I am.
O. P.—Acting proper.
P. B.—To learn how to dance.



THEODORE RICKETTS

B. W.—Yas sir.
O. P.—Drilling.
P. B.—Brickmason.



BERTHA JONES

B. W.—Shut up.
O. P.—Snapping her eyes.
P. B.—Champion gum
chewer.

answered me. An intense agony and longing swept over me. I brushed back the wavy locks from her pale brow and kissed the rigid lips again and again. Then, with a grim determination and a heart of burning, murderous thoughts, I rushed madly over to the huddled figure of my enemy. There was no sign of life in his features. I turned him over on his back roughly, and there in his right hand he held a pearl-handled revolver. I fell back and stared, amazed. With my own weapon he had killed my love. The mystery was solved easily; he had revived, crawled to where the pistol lay; seized it and fired, as we stood in that fond embrace; then died.

Under the everlasting heavens I buried her and all night I lay on her grave delirious, calling her name and running my fingers through my hair. In the morning I mounted my steed and departed, while there on the desert sands I left the body of Smith, the demon incarnate, a prey to the foul vultures of the ghost-haunted plains. Oh, how my soul longed again to gaze into the blushing face of my love.

The storm is still raging without, but what care I for what the gods will. I have played my game and lost. Now I only wait for Death and a silent grave. Somewhere, beyond the mystic veil, Ellanore and the old man are waiting. Ah the brumal evening is as cold as my heart. I stare into the Plutonian shadows, silently.

OUR UNIFORM DRESSES.

After seeing how nice the boys looked in their uniform suits, the girls of Lincoln High school decided to have uniform

dresses which were very pretty but not expensive.

The senior class was the first class to get their uniforms, as they worked in the lunch room throughout the year and the lunch room money paid for their dresses.

Fortunately when the Teachers' Association met in Kansas City last fall, the seniors had the pleasure of wearing their dresses to the teachers' reception. They were highly complimented and left an inspiring impression on the faculties of other cities. A little later the lower classes succeeded in getting their dresses. The class distinction was as follows: The freshmen wore ties made of the dress goods; the sophomores, white ties; the juniors, black ties and the seniors, red ties.

Not one of these dresses cost over three dollars and the majority of them were made by the pupils. Now, the public must acknowledge, the girls of Lincoln High School looked equally as well in their uniform dresses as the boys did in their uniform suits.

MABEL WILLIAMS, '18.

In the recent Thrift Stamp drive, the Juniors won all the prizes that were given the class investing the largest sum in W. S. S. and Thrift Stamps.

Lincoln High School students bought more Thrift Stamps than any other High School in the city.

It has been suggested at Washington that the next draft be made up of the golf players as they will be missed least by their wives.



BLUMER GILHAM
B. W.—Tee-hee-naw.
O. P.—Eating candy.
P. B.—Nurse.



LIEUT. JAMES E. FLADGER
B. W.—Now-er.
O. P.—Inspiring ambition.
P. B.—To lead in great things.



HORTENSE JONES
B. W.—Hello.
O. P.—To be with Delores.
P. B.—Dancer.

A FEW OF OUR VISITORS DURING THE YEAR.

Prof. Scarborough, President of Wilberforce College, Wilberforce, O.
Prof. Joiner, Wilberforce College, Wilberforce, Ohio.
Prof. McKeever, Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas.
Supt. I. I. Cammack, Supt., Kansas City, Mo., schools.
Supt. Pearson, Supt., Kansas City, Kansas schools.
Prof. John Hodge, Sumner High School, Kansas City, Kansas.
Dr. J. E. Perry, Kansas City, Mo.
Lieut. T. E. Gaillard, former teacher in Lincoln High, Camp Funston, Kas.
Lieut. J. C. Banks, Camp Grant, Ill.
Lieut. J. E. Fladger, former student of class '18, Camp Funston, Kas.
Lieut. B. W. Mosby, former teacher Sumner High, St. Louis, Mo.
Capt. J. J. Lee, Principal Lee's son, Camp Funston, Kas.
Mrs. Hemingway, Conservation worker, Kansas City, Mo.
Lawver Calloway, Kansas City, Mo.
Hon. Roscoe Conkling Simmons, Louisville, Ky.
Hon. N. C. Crews, editor Kansas City Sun, Kansas City, Mo.
Dr. T. C. Untaank, Kansas City, Mo.
Dr. Miller, Kansas City, Mo.
Dr. Noble, Y. W. C. A. lecturer.
Miss Harriet Vance, Y. W. C. A. lecturer.
Messrs. DeFrantz, Gregory, Johnson and Cook, War "Y" workers.
Madame Booker, lecturer.
Principals Coles, Herriford and Wilson.
Mr. Fred Dabney, Kansas City, Mo.

Rev. W. H. Thomas, Pastor Allen Chapel, Kansas City, Mo.
Prof. Rush, history teacher, Central High, Kansas City, Mo.
Mr. Emmett J. Scott, special assistant to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.
Mr. Clyde Leroy, concert pianist, Des Moines, Iowa.
Dr. L. E. Bailer, Kansas City, Mo.
The Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Mrs. Dixie Brooks, N. A. A. T. member.
Mr. C. M. White, American Woodman lecturer.
Mr. L. D. Hines, American Woodman, Kansas City, Mo.
Hon. W. C. Hueston, Kansas City, Mo.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Lola Smith, '19.

Few girls ever regard the advice which she gets from mother or big brother as constructive criticism until it is too late.

France has had 77 queens. Eleven were divorced; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. Most of the rest were either poisoned or broken hearted.

The population of the world is about 1,623,300,000.

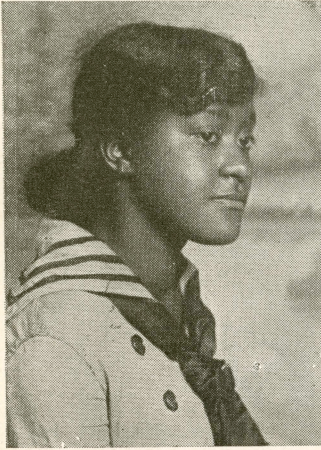
The average age at death is 33.

57,372,727 die annually.

908,516 die weekly.

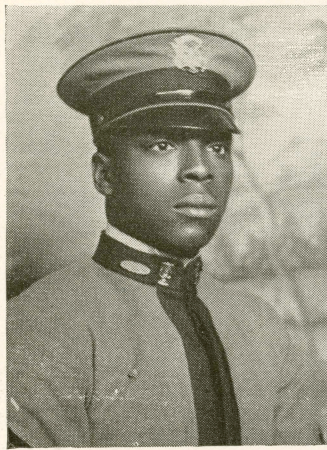
5,308 die hourly.

Nearly 90 die every minute and three die in two seconds.



ELENORE MOORE

B. W.—Say kid.
O. P.—Singing.
P. B.—Contralto singer.



EARL WINFREY

B. W.—Say old boy.
O. P.—Conducting the band.
P. B.—Musician.



MABEL WILLIAMS

B. W.—Listen honey.
O. P.—Dancing.
P. B.—Egyptian dancer.

ALUMNI NOTES

THE following alumnae were ushers for the May Pageant of the high school, May 10, at Convention Hall: Mrs. McKnight, '91; Miss Lena Allen, '96; Mrs. Doris Williams, '14; Mrs. Sadie Penn, '15; Mrs. Anna B. Smith, '00; Mrs. Lade Smith, '03; Miss Grace Newman, '09; Miss Vivienne Lee, '09; Mrs. Helen MacDonald, '06; Misses Ruth Doniphan and Juanita Campbell, '17; Miss Anna Collier, '11; Miss Maude Hudgins, '14; Mr. Arthur Toney, '10; assisted the ladies in directing the patrons to their boxes.

Besides giving an honor pin to the graduating pupil having the highest scholarship, and the usual reception to the graduating class, the association plans to give a scholarship of \$25 to some member of the class, '18. Any alumnus who finds it inconvenient to attend the meetings of the association or any who live outside Kansas City, may contribute to this scholarship by forwarding the annual dues of fifty cents to the treasurer, Mr. Wm. G. Moore, 1324 E. 24th street, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Alberta Collins, '14, who, since the organization of the Square Deal Oil Company, has been its bookkeeper and business secretary, has recently been commissioned notary public.

Prof. Edward Dennis, '06, head of the department of music at Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, sends greetings to the

alumni and hopes to be in this city during his summer vacation.

Much credit is due Mrs. Anna B. Smith for bringing the alumni association to its present state of organization. When Mrs. Smith returned to Kansas City seven years ago, she found the work of the association at a stand-still and immediately took steps to rejuvenate it.

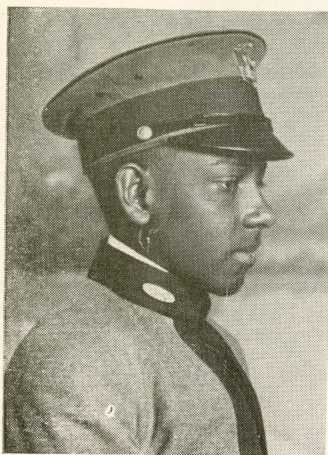
Mrs. Helen Ball MacDonald is chairman of the program committee this year. A program will be rendered Wednesday night, June 5, in the auditorium of the high school.

Mr. Edward S. Baker, Jr., '09, was a student this year in the medical school of Howard University. Since entering this institution, he has become affiliated with the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity.

Misses Florence Baker, '11; Helen Brown, '17; Neosha Venerable, '09; Mrs. Willa Bigby, '97; Messrs. E. B. Thompson, '01, and Wm. D. Foster, are still members of the faculty of Lincoln High School. Miss Lucile Pryor, '17, is assisting in the department of physical training, and Mr. Eudell Johnson, '16, in the department of gas engine.

Misses Vera Patton and Hazel Hickum and Mr. Wendell Pryor are making good in Chicago, Emporia and Manhattan, respectively.

Misses Louise Unthank, '16 and Lena O'Neal are yet attending K. S. A. C., Manhattan, Kansas. Miss Lucille Watson completed her second year at Emporia.



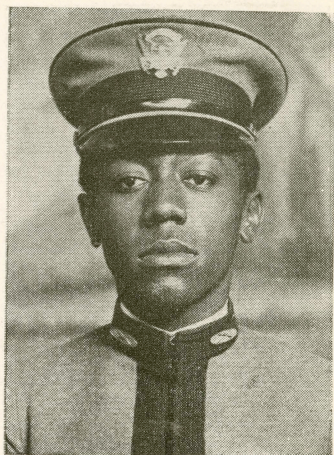
WALTER EGGLESTON

B. W.—Now-er-you see.
O. P.—Using large words.
P. B.—To define his large words.



MARGUERITE SPENCER

B. W.—She makes me tired.
O. P.—Dancing with Christine.
P. B.—Model of neatness.



CLARENCE LYONS

B. W.—What did you say.
O. P.—Playing the cornet.
P. B.—Reverend.

Mrs. Marian Brown Whittaker, '15, has moved to Junction City, Kansas, to be near her husband, Lieut. J. C. Whittaker.

Rev. Chas. Williams, '92, of Denver, Colo., was a visitor at our school May 17. Though here on business, he found time to leave words of advice to the students and we regret that he cannot be with us during commencement week.

Mr. Roland Bruce, '16, a student of violin at the University of Michigan for the last two years, gave a very creditable recital at Allen Chapel, May 20. He shows much improvement from his training and so well has he done that he has been engaged to play in an orchestra during the summer at one of the prominent amusement parks in Chicago.

Mr. Maceo Williams, '16, who has attended the Boston Conservatory of Music since his graduation from high school will join the school orchestra immediately upon his return home.

Miss Tresie Clark, '17, at Wilberforce University, wrote recently to Prof. Lee: "I realize the time is valuable and I am putting forth every effort to make good. I left Lincoln High with a determination to do more and to do better. I have done so, but as I commend myself, I say that the credit does not belong to me but to Lincoln."

On his return from educational meetings held last February at Philadelphia and Atlantic City, Prof. Lee stopped off in Washington City and saw Mr. E. Harold Bledsoe. He reported that Bledsoe was doing very well at Howard University.

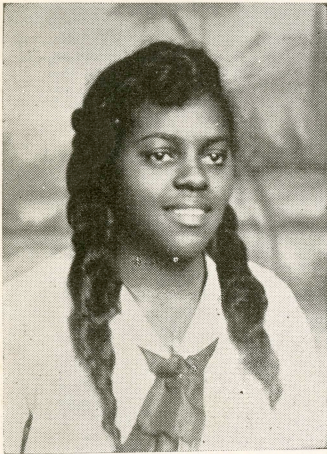
Many of the recent graduates who have entered the University of Kansas have not seemed to realize the importance of their time and the sacrifice that is being made for them. However, we can point with pride to Miss Alberta White, '16, who was the honor student of her class when she finished high school and who is yet doing well as a student of this university. It is hoped by the faculty of the high school that the others will take their work more seriously and follow Miss White's example.

The alumni association should have a service flag for ere this issue of the "Lincolnian" is published the following boys may be gone "over there": Edward Parrish, '07; James Harrison, '11; Lee Peters, '13; Wm. Williams, '14; and Lemuel Williams, '16, Alfred Hampton, '14. If any one knows of other alumni who are in government service, let us know so that we may honor them.

Our Alma Mater will soon have five grandchildren, for soon the son of Mrs. Anna B. Smith, '00, will receive his diploma. Others are Elsa Nix, '14, and Theodore Nix, '17, daughter and son of Mrs. Hattie Nix, '93; Floyd Collins, '16, son of Mrs. Addie Collins, '98; Marie Moore, '16, daughter of Mrs. Rosa Moore, '93; and Pauline Rone, '17; daughter of Mr. John Rone, '87.

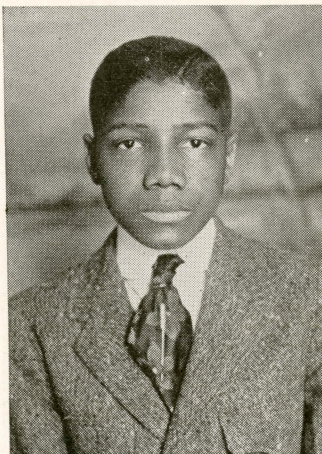
If the alumni have enjoyed the "Lincolnian" this year, please send your subscription to the editor of the paper.

N. E. VENERABLE.



BERENICE RICHARDSON

B. W.—Aw stop.
O. P.—Playing with Leroy B.
P. B.—To be a friend to everyone.



LEON MORTON

B. W.—Nothing dif-fer-ent.
O. P.—Meddling.
P. B.—Mamma's baby boy.



HILDA BAILEY

B. W.—Uh huh.
O. P.—Begging.
P. B.—Old maid.

WHY WE SHOULD "CLEAN UP."

It, seemingly, appears to some people as a matter of no consequence whether or not they clean in and about their homes so long as they keep their bodies clean. This idea should not exist in the mind of any loyal American citizen. It is just as essential that one clean his house as his body; his yard as his house; and, if looked upon as a missionary looks upon his or her work, it may be considered even more essential; for indeed, one could save more lives by cleaning his house and yard than by cleaning his own body.

Do not misunderstand me, however, and think that I mean to say it is not necessary to keep one's body clean. All who have studied or are studying physiology and hygiene know, that if the body is not kept clean, sores, pimples and other unwanted skin diseases soon appear. In like manner, if the house and yard are not kept clean, unwanted animalcules known as germs are bred. These, by entering the body, cause disease—some contagious—and many result in the death of some dear friend, relative or even ourselves.

We all know and believe the fly to be one of our worst enemies, and each of us should try to get rid of it. Garbage and all waste material should be gotten rid of, for here is where the fly is most comfortable. If we allow the filth to remain, naturally, the fly will remain also. Without our permission being granted, the nasty fly will next enter our homes, bringing germs with it, and causing us to suffer on account of our own negligence.

We know, then, that it is also necessary to cleanse our bodies:

1. To get rid of the bodily waste which accumulates.
2. To allow the muscles near the surface of the skin to contract more freely, thus causing the blood to flow more freely, and
3. To prevent sores, boils and pimples from appearing in the skin.

We, too, have found it necessary to cleanse our homes:

1. To prevent the accumulation of filth;
2. To prevent accomodating the fly, thus preventing the origination of germs, which are fatal to life and health.

We were told by Mr. Thompson, one of our physiology teachers, that our motto should be, "Make Kansas City a good place to live in and a poor place to die in."

If we will observe and do such things as will hinder or prohibit the accumulation of filth and the spread of disease, I am sure we can make Kansas City, Missouri an ideal resort for all who are in search of a clean and healthy city in which to make their homes.

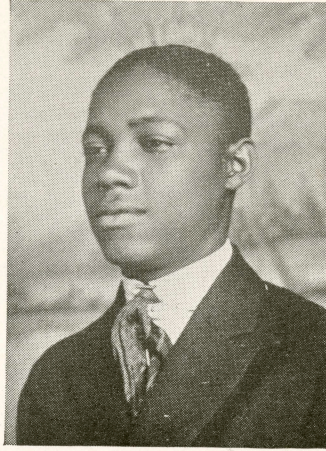
Probably some of us live where there is no fences around the yard. These might unthoughtfully say, "Ah, the wind blew that trash in here. I'm not going to pick it up." Dismiss this thought, comply with the pleading of our Government and "Clean up" Kansas City.

LOLA M. SMITH, '19.



GWENDOLYNE ELLIS

B. W.—Well listen.
O. P.—Being quite.
P. B.—Ideal wife.



OSWALD BARTLETT

B. W.—I hesitate to respond.
O. P.—Saying funny things.
P. B.—Husband to B. M.



EDNA HAMMETT

B. W.—What.
O. P.—Playing the piano.
P. B.—To always have a good time.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By Melvin Beaunorus Tolson.

(Class Poem)

Fair muses, from Olympia's wind-kissed height,

Inspire our souls with they eternal flame
That we may sing of this sad hour aright,
A song full worthy of our Mater's name.
In sooth, it pains our hearts to break the ties

That grip us to our friends in warm embrace.

However Time, who like a meteor flies,
Has hurled us hence, this tearful time to face.

Then let the golden veils of memory lift
So that our souls may view the shadowed past;

And as the scenes of our endeavor shift
Each sees himself in sunshine or in blast.
Each feels emotions of a different type—
Wrought from the toils and sad misfortune sore,

Or if his life has been with fortune ripe,
His heart beats high at these fond scenes of yore.

Oft have we walked these corridors so grey
Laughing, rejoicing, with the world at ease;
Meanwhile reality crumbled to clay
And left but empty dreams our hearts to place.

Oft have we listened with slow-widening ken

To lectures terse delivered in this hall,
Meanwhile fair visions, that make men of men,
Grew brighter as we heard a people's call.

Our hearts beat fast, our eyes flame with desire!
Our souls long for the battle-smoke of strife!

These very walls instill th' eternal fire
That make men winners in the race of life.
The maxims taught, will make both mind and bones

Fit for the mighty trials we all must bear;
But out of them we'll fashion stepping stone,

In black misfortunes we shall not despair.

We hear your mighty chorus of farewell,
We hear the fond advice that thrills the soul

But we must plow our course across the bonds of matrimony, and to dwell there in swell,

The stormy sea of life to yonder goal.
'Tis true some may be stranded on the shore

And some put into ports ill-known to man,
But there are those who'll anchor Fame before

To greet their friends waiting upon the strand.

Finis



PARTIAL VIEW OF CROWD AT SUNDAY COMMUNITY MEETING.

THE COMMUNITY MEETINGS AND MUSICAL CONCERTS

Among the many good things which Mr. Lee has instituted at the High School for the benefit of the people at large are the Community Center Meetings and the Monthly Musical Concerts. One of each are held each month, every other Sunday.

Major N. C. Smith, our musical director, usually furnishes the musical concerts and Mr. Lee secures the speakers for the Community Center Meetings. Much good is derived from both of these programs, because the musical concerts give the High School students as well as the public at large a chance to develop while the Community Center Meetings bring the people of the community together and allow them to know each other better and help them to work together as one.

The first big Community Meeting was held Sunday, November 18th, which was known as Board of Education Day. Several members of the Board were unable to appear on the program. However, Judge W. T. Bland, the president of the Board, was present. Mr. Mills, a community settlement worker accompanied Judge Bland who was ill but he made an encouraging talk. He highly complimented the work done by our boys on the building. He also mentioned the splendid work of the Community Meetings. After his address Mr. Mills said "howdy" to us. Then two of our students made short addresses and the meeting closed.

The musical program held November 4th was given by the Odd Fellows chorus, under the direction of Mr. A. T. Moore. There were eight people in the chorus. Talent in the line of solo work was exhibited by Mr. Henry Cox and Mrs. W. W. Nickens. The audience received each number enthusiastically and it was the opinion of all that the program was one of the best that has been rendered during the series of musical concerts.

The 16th of December being Community Meeting Sunday again the pupils and patrons of the school were favored by the presence of Major General C. C. Ballou. General Ballou is commandant for the Ninety-second Division of the United States Army, composed entirely of colored troops. General Ballou's sole thought was that this is the Negro's time to make good, and prove to the world that he is just as capable as the white or yellow race of doing the right and honorable thing. He told of the splendid discipline exercised at the Negro Officers' Training camp at Des Moines. It is such things as these that will bring the Negro to his own

things. After his address the Hon. N. C. Crews voiced the sentiment of General Ballou in clear-cut words and a fine meeting was the verdict of all who attended.

On account of the holidays the next Monthly Musical Concert fell on Sunday, January 6th. This musicale was given by the Second Regiment Band, under the direction of one of our most able band leaders, Sergeant Wm. E. Cooper. It was a dark, dreary, cold day, but the music lovers turned out in large numbers. Each number of this wonderful band is to be commended separately for each man was a master of the instrument which he played. After a super-splendid program the closing remarks were made by Mr. Lee, expressing his appreciation of the wonderful band and the attentive audience.

At the January Community Meeting our good friend and community speaker, Mr. Mills, visited us. As usual he gave us an interesting and profitable talk. He took for his subject "Hullo" and recited the poem "Hello." He brought with him a book of old songs and led the audience in community singing. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the meeting which was closed by Mr. Mills reciting the poem, "Let me live by the side of the Road." He promised to come again soon and lead us in some real singing.

At the next musical program the largest crowd of the season was present. This program was furnished by the different quartets of the city and was held Sunday, February 3rd. As usual our High School Orchestra with its splendid music furnished the first number on the program, which was "La Paloma The Dove." The next number was rendered by the L. H. S. Saxophone Quartet, entitled "Alahoe," a Hawaiian composition. This selection was faultless when we consider that these boys have had their instruments less than a year. The next number was a folk song, composed by Major Smith which was sung by his quartet. Mr. Smith's first piano composition, a prelude to "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," was played by Miss Edna Hammett. Chas. Watts' famous quartet rendered beautifully Beethoven's "Minuet in G." This was the first time a string quartet has appeared on any of the programs. Tutts' Male Quartet sang "The Star of the Sea," and was heartily encored. The L. H. S. Girls' Quartet next sang, "Oh Dry Those Tears," and "Rose in the Bud" as an encore. A quartet composed of boys from our band played the "Bridal Chorus" from an opera by Wag-

ner. Miss Anna Smith and Mr. Lemuel Russell sang two numbers and the band played "Tallah," an Egyptian intermezzo. Everyone agreed that this was the best musical concert held so far this year.

The Annual Health Day Meeting was held the next Community Meeting Sunday. At it there were present twenty-six doctors, five dentists and ten pharmacists, together with a large number of nurses who gave a splendid health demonstration. Several of the doctors made speeches taking up the different phases of the health campaign. Two of the nurses gave a demonstration of how to make a bed, both the proper and the improper way. Dr. E. J. McCampbell gave a brief talk and demonstration on "Medical Inspection in the public schools. Then Dr. Chapman, school dental inspector, gave a short talk. His theme was "A brush in time saves nine." The nurses were presented by Dr. Lam-bright and the meeting adjourned.

The next Musical Concert was given under the direction of Mr. Watts by the orchestra and musicians from the grade schools. It was an inspiration to all present to see these little musicians playing so earnestly with so much zeal. Little Benjamin Baker won praise with his violin solo and Vanilla Ross, one of our own students, rendered a beautiful violin solo. It is the sincere hope of the Lincolnian that these young musicians will continue to develop their musical talents.

Child's Welfare Day was the name given to the next Community Meeting held in April. At this meeting the plans for the Parental Home for Colored Children were discussed and subscriptions taken. Every class of people in Kansas City has somewhere to send their delinquent children except the Negro and it is up to the Negroes to get together and find a decent place to send our boys and girls. The speaker of the hour was Mr. O. J. Hill, short addresses being made by Mrs. Ess and Mrs. Cook. At the close of the meet-

ing everybody realized that one not only needs but must have a Parental Home.

The Federation of Women's Clubs furnished the program at the last Community Meeting in April. Mrs. L. A. McCampbell, the president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, presided. A short report of the year's work was made by each of the clubs. The auditorium was decorated with the pennants of the different clubs. A beautiful silver loving cup was presented to our good principal, Mr. Lee, by the members of several of the clubs. The meeting closed with everybody agreeing that the Women's Clubs are an indispensable factor in our community.

The last Musical Concert of the year was held on the 30th of April. The program was furnished by our band and orchestra. Our band has forty pieces and each boy plays his instrument with perfect ease. "Sliding Jim" and the "Poet and the Peasant" overture were the pieces which were best received by the audience. Then the L. H. S. Girls Quartet sang a song and as usual it was encored. Then the orchestra played the "Prelude in C Minor," by Bachinoff and the meeting closed.

On Sunday, May 5th, our last Community Meeting of the year was held. The speaker of the hour was Mr. Emmett Scott, Assistant Secretary of War of the United States. All the cadets and the band turned out in honor of Mr. Scott. The auditorium was filled to overflowing in a vain attempt to hear or even get a glimpse of Mr. Scott. Almost as many people were turned away at the door as were jammed into the room. At the close of the meeting everyone who had heard Mr. Scott left feeling twice as patriotic as before.

No one can doubt that the influence of these meetings this year has been a decided step for the uplift of all of the Negroes of Kansas City as well as of this immediate community.

BERTHA MAE MADDUX.

SPRING IS HERE.

The melancholy days are come,
And gone, but not forgotten,
For many a time, an April shower,
That brings us dreams of sweet May flow-
ers,
That brings us dreams of pastures green,
Is far off, distant things unseen,
Of garden, only in the making.
Of greater things, and undertakings.
Of birds and bees and all things small.
That live their lives before the fall.
Also come memories of the blast,
Of wintry days that now have passed.

Of evenings, long and cold and dreary,
Of days, so short, and dark and weary.
Of biting frost and stinging gales,
That 'round the corners wailed and wailed.
Of hail and sleet and snow and rain,
That beat against the window pane
Until we gently fell asleep
Unmindful of the rain and sleet
And dreamed of green leaves on the trees,
And homing herds that made the breeze.
So pleasant with their melodies
Of love and hope and truth.

U. BANNING, 20.



GROUP OF SENIOR GIRLS PREPARING OUR NOON LUNCH.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

THE OUTLOOK.

IN THE latter part of 1916 the plan for vocational training in connection with the regular work of Lincoln High School began to take place in a definite form. Plans and specifications were drawn and work for Lincoln High School's Mechanical Department began. Window and door frames were built in Garrison Trade School during the scholastic year of 1916 and 1917, and in the spring of 1917 the building was begun. The excavation for the foundation, setting of the sills and frames, laying of the brick and roof construction was all

done by the pupils who are specializing in their particular trade. The second unit is nearly completed. This work has been done during the scholastic year just closing. Excavation for the third unit is now in progress. On this unit we shall be employed during the vacation. Both the painting, masonry and carpentry classes will be employed as usual. The Saturday classes will be conducted as usual.

Much valuable experience is received by the members of the classes who participate in this trade. They will train their hands while training their brain. They are required to observe the rules of the regular eight-hour day system. They are to start work at 7:30 a. m. and quit at 4:00 p. m.

This system is very necessary if we expect our efforts to be crowned with success when we shall have completed our school work.

The instruction we have received in the use of tools is of inestimable value to us, but this has not been all; before proceeding to construct any part of the building a thorough knowledge of all plans, elevations, plane and isometric details and whatever is required to give us information concerning our trade work, have been part of our daily program. We have learned that there are fundamentals underlying our work, which if grasped, will give power to meet and solve the problems with which we are sure to come in contact, when our scholastic days are over.

This great war now in progress over the major portion of the civilized world is causing thousands to be lost daily. Among this great mass of people that are being cut down by this unfortunate condition are many of the best artisans the world has ever known. Many years will be required to build up what this great war has torn down. From this we see that there will be great demand for men with a vocational education, and we are striving to be able to meet the demand.

In calculating the amount, kinds and cost of material used in our buildings, we have found inexhaustible matter involving mathematical study. The intersecting of lines and planes in various parts of the structures have taught us that geometry does not stop with the printed page.

The world is calling as never before for skilled men to take places in the mechanical realm. The Federal Government has made and is making appropriation for the maintenance of vocational departments throughout the country. Our mechanical trades are now participating in this appropriation, which we appreciate beyond measure.

Lincoln High is the first Race school to have connected with it a vocational department fostered by the Federal Government and built by its students, an honor of which we are proud. We are indeed pleased to be among the first in the great vocational movement which promises to permeate every city and hamlet of this country. Heretofore nearly all phases of engineering have been confined to private institutions which has made it difficult for many to acquire knowledge of the world's greatest science. Today it is being brought within the reach of all; and any who will may partake.

MANUAL TRAINING FOR THE BOYS.

In the field of vocational training nothing offers more interest to the boy than that represented by the manual arts and crafts. When a boy makes his first bow and arrow, he feels the spirit of genius welling up in his soul. To make something with his hands is the first instinct of the average male.

It is the same when he starts to school,

but often his longing to do things is checked by the academic problems with which he is confronted, and he counts the days when school is out instead of learning his "multiplication tables, and parts of speech."

Manual Training in the crafts, interests a boy from the very outset and when he gets into school if he finds a kit of tools



FIRST COMPLETED UNIT OF OUR TRADES BUILDINGS.

there for him, and a piece of wood to operate on, his heart leaps with joy.

On entering the manual training department of our High School, the boy finds himself surrounded by lathes, band saws, hand jointers and other tools, and his ability to do consequently enlarged, he is on his road to the greatest usefulness to society.

Under the supervision of Mr. C. R. Westmoreland, who is in charge of this department, the boys are taught to draw and make various pieces of furniture with great skill and accuracy. Among these pieces of furniture are bureaus, library tables, chairs and stools. Besides these pieces five excellent benches were made this term. These you will find on the following street corners: Nineteenth and Troost, Eighteenth and Paseo, Nineteenth and Vine and Eighteenth and Tracy.

The grown people are also given a

chance to learn this work in our Night School.

In all the classes there were one hundred and thirty-three students, one hundred and thirteen being in the day school classes and twenty being in the Night School. The latter consisted of men and women. This work was made most interesting by the competition between the two sexes. The night school division was instructed by Mr. Westmoreland also.

Some may say while the boy is training his hands, his mind is lagging, but it is not true because activity of the mind always comes with well directed activity of the body. The child in this process of vocational training is finding his bent, and if it leads him into professional life he will be a better worker than he would have been without this fundamental knowledge of the activities of modern life.

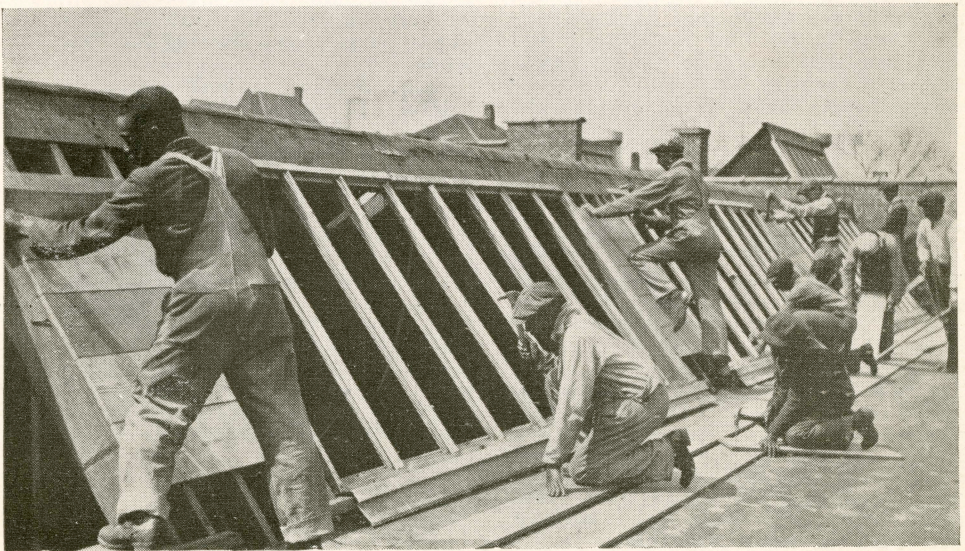
ISADORE E. CHINN.

OUR MASONRY DEPARTMENT.

The boys who take masonry as a trade are proud of the work that they have accomplished this past school year, and are eager for the time to come when they can work eight hours a day during the vacation months. All of the boys have greatly developed in strength physically and mentally since they started to learn masonry. For they have been obliged to work out of doors when it seemed impossible but in reality it was the time for them to work. In this way they have grown accustomed to the weather, espe-

cially the time when the weather seems cold. And for the reason that they have been connected with a trade that calls for all of their learning. As this is true the above statement can be readily approved by all persons who know that one who occupies a position and succeeds that person must be a man of brain and brawn. To aim at the highest marks and the various things that lead to a successful life have been the sincere desires of all of the boys in the Masonry Department.

The progress of the boys this past school



BOYS AT WORK ON SKY LIGHTS OF A TRADES BUILDING.

year has been very rapid. Every one seemed to want to be the best in the way of doing more good work than his chum. Consequently there was more work done. And the way in which the work was performed excelled that of the previous school year very much.

The foundation for the first unit was begun about the first of March in the year of 1917. And was completed about the middle of March, 1918. Most of the work on this unit was done during the last vacation. This unit is now being used by the boys who take carpentry as a trade.

The second unit is nearly finished. There are a few things not yet completed such as the placing of electric lights and decorations. This unit was brought to a point in elevation before the time specified by Mr. Wright, the supervisor of all trade schools in the Middle West, expired.

The excavating for the foundation of the third unit is in process and will soon be ready for the pouring of concrete. Everyone is anxious for that time to come. For digging in the ditch is very disagreeable to most of us especially when the temperature rises from 45 to 100 degrees above zero.

The masonry boys are not only trying to make a good reputation for themselves but they are striving to uphold the banner of honor of Lincoln High School, whose reputation is known throughout the United States as having as its Principal one of the most intelligent, broadminded and cultured men of our Race today, and a Faculty that is well learned and doing everything possible for the uplift of Lincoln High.

Mr. J. W. Spaulding, our instructor, has said that he is very much pleased with the work done by his classes. There being two divisions in the masonry department. One division working in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Each division works three hours. Our Instructor's best wishes are that everyone of his pupils will forever keep the interest in their trade work that they have shown him in the past.

HOWARD MILLER.

GAS ENGINE.

There are thirty-one boys in gas engine classes this year under the supervision of Mr. W. D. Foster, the man who knows an automobile or a gas engine as a Frenchman knows his language.

The boys have made a good showing this year. About the last of February Dr. Miller called to see Prof. Lee and told him that he was having some trouble with his machine, which proved to be a Dodge. Prof. Lee notified Mr. Foster and asked him to take two or three boys, but Mr. Foster took the whole class, so as to give the new boys a little experience.

Eudell Johnson, one of the twelve boys

taking special gas engine work, purchased a truck. We had the privilege of assisting him in overhauling it. We finished it in about five weeks.

We have lathe work, forge work and welding. On the lathes we make babbit bearings and all small instruments that are delicate. We have forged cold chisels, forge tongs, lathe tools and punches.

Our progress has been gratifying both to our instructor and ourselves; and we are ready to steer some of Kansas City's "Honk Honks" during the coming vacation.

—W. S. P.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT.

Home Economics is the science which deals with the problems of the home, and includes every branch of home making and home keeping. The aim of this course is well expressed in the words of Miss Frances Williard, "The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike." To attain this ideal it is necessary to train every girl so that she can make her home homelike, for practically every girl is destined, at some time in her career, to contribute in some measure to home making. For that reason we aim to supplement the teaching of three R's by inculcating the principles of the fourth R, the science of Right living.

This year we have two new teachers in the Home Economics Department, Mrs. Goss and Miss Adams. The first part of the first term was devoted to canning and preserving, while the remainder of the term was spent upon dealing with foods, emphasizing the 5 food principles and preparing balanced menus. At the beginning of the second term we were ready for more advanced work. This work also consisted of two parts, Home Nursing and War Time Recipes.

Home Nursing is both interesting and helpful. It teaches the students to care for minor ailments and diseases. It treats also of the precautions to be taken for the purpose of avoiding diseases. If all girls were taught these essentials there would be less illness and a lower death rate.

Since we know that food is playing such an important part in this world war we are spending our time only on War Time Recipes, designed to save wheat, sugar and fats.

To demonstrated the kind of work being taught, the Home Economics girls prepared and served the ministers of Kansas City an elaborate dinner, Feb. 14, 1918. The following was the menu for the occasion:

Sardine Canapes	Gherkins
Celery	Radishes
Roast Lamb	Mint Jelly
Green Peas	Mashed Potatoes
Cauliflower	Fritters
Hot Rolls	Ginger Ale

Pineapple Salad Cheese Straws
 War Cake Nut Ice Cream
 Cafe Noir

A conservation luncheon was served by the Senior girls to the Steering Committee of Lincoln High School, April 25, 1918.

THE MENU.

Old Glory Cocktail
 Brown Fricassee of Chicken Riced Potatoes
 Liberty Rolls
 Asparagus Tips Sliced Tomato Salad
 Conservation Cake Patriotic Ice Cream
 Coffee

On May 4, 1918, the Senior girls served an immense banquet for 160 guests given in honor of Mr. Emmett J. Scott, special Assistant Secretary of War.

THE MENU.

Strawberry Cocktail
 Conservation Soup Croutons
 Special Squabs D Potato Balls
 Green Peas Water Cress Salad
 Victory Rolls
 Lincoln High School Punch
 Tutti Fruitti Ice Cream Macaroons
 Mints Demi Tasse

The girls of 1918 leave Lincoln High School wonderfully benefitted from these courses in practical home economics and they shall be ever grateful to Mrs. Goss and Miss Adams.

ACTIVITIES OF THE SEWING DEPARTMENT.

The sewing classes of Lincoln High School have certainly progressed wonderfully this term, under the direction of Misses Lynden and Baker. The care, attention and patience of the teachers are surely commendable.

The Freshmen classes have all been under the teaching of Miss Florence Baker. Her class work has been quite a success. The Freshmen girls have made their athletic bloomers and middies, undergarments, gingham dresses, embroidery work and their uniforms. It is quite surprising to some people to know that girls as young and small as our first year girls could make such a difficult piece as our uniform dresses and to look as well in them.

The Sophomore and Freshmen classes have also been very patriotic in their sewing classes. Each girl made a Red Cross piece. This piece was a child's dress. The goods was bought with some of the money given in our school for the Red Cross benefit. The goods was small black and white checked wool. When all the dresses were completed they were sent to the Red Cross headquarters and from there to the poor little orphan children in France. The

patterns were simple but when the dresses were completed they were very well made and a very useful gift.

Miss Clara Lynden, a teacher well loved by all the pupils was teacher of the Sophomore classes and special students. She also did extension work on Wednesday afternoons at school from four to five o'clock until April. Her work has been quite heavy, but not a complaint has been heard. She surely must be commended for her faithfulness.

The regular classes of the Sophomore division have made smock middies, gingham dresses, undergarments, shirts, silk dresses, uniform dress, crochet work and tailored coat and waists. Many of the performers in the Convention Hall Exhibition made their costumes in the sewing department under Miss Lynden's direction. The girls have learned to design their dresses well with embroidery and also bead work. We all feel proud to know that we are able to make such attractive designs as bead work, as it is being worn a great deal.

Through the desire of Prof. Lee the uniform dresses were worn this year for the first time by the pupils of Lincoln High School. Miss Lynden suggested the pattern and had full control in the sewing department of the goods. The goods was well managed, being distributed by her, as aided by the pupils. Out of all the uniforms worn by our girls only a few were made outside of school direction.

All the graduating dresses worn by girls of the 1918 class were made in our own sewing department by the girls. They were earned by each girl working in the lunch room once every seven weeks, and no girl had to pay for the making of her dress because she was efficient enough with the help of Miss Lynden to make her own dress and save that much. So you see our sewing department is progressing rapidly and helping its pupils to become better dressmakers and more independent.

BLOSSOM FOX, 1918.

MILLINERY.

In the fall when school started we had a new trade added to our school, Millinery, which is a very profitable occupation besides being a very pleasing and nice work for one who is apt with a needle.

At first the work on millinery is very tedious until one learns how to handle the wire around her arm and the use of the pliers. The first thing in millinery is the making of paper hats and paper flowers. The hats are made of stiff brown paper, and the flowers are made of crepe paper. Then you take up the tying of wire, and when you learn how to tie the wire firmly you are ready to begin to make a wire shape or frame. After the wire shape is completed if it is to be used for a velvet

or straw hat you first cover the wire shape with buckram, thus making a buckram shape, which may be covered with velvet, straw or any material you desire.

The second phase in millinery is the discussing of fashion hints, which is very interesting and something that everyone should know. In studying fashion hints on millinery we learn the proper way of wearing hats and what to wear different hats with.

Another step was the cleaning and pressing of velvet. In cleaning velvet you steam it well, then brush with another piece of velvet, because if other material was used the lint would remain on the velvet. In pressing velvet you steam and

press with a warm iron. The iron should not be too hot for if so it is liable to stick to the velvet.

Then we had the making of summer hats. The hats were made of straw braid maline, satin, gingham.

Millinery is a great new field opening up to our colored girls and young women. There is a brilliant future awaiting every young girl and woman who can successfully fill a position as milliner.

By learning to make your own hat you can conserve, because you can make a hat for at least one-half of what it would cost you to buy one.

LOUISE GREEN.



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

The football team of 1918 was indeed a success. We had many obstacles that confronted us such as the lacking of football togs, and the breaking in of new men who were never experienced in playing football, but nevertheless we overcame these difficulties. After six weeks of hard practice we were offered a game by the strong team of Liberty, Mo. We accepted their offer and went forth to Liberty to meet our potent opponents.

We had a hard job in front of us, playing the strong and experienced team of Liberty with a young bunch of boys with only six weeks of training.

We appeared on the Liberty gridiron field at 2:30 p. m. and ran through a few snappy signals; at 3:00 o'clock the referee blew his whistle for the game to start. Liberty was awarded the ball, they kicked off to us and we made a gain of 30 yards. Then we bucked and bucked the heavy Liberty line without success. Liberty next received the ball, and tried a forward pass. It failed; they tried to plunge through our line but failed again. In the second half we met our fate. They made two touchdowns on us but this did not discourage us. The second half found both teams working

hard but Captain Willis of the Liberty team fooled us with his trick plays thus the game ended with the score 32 to 0 in Liberty's favor. It was our first game and the hardest one of the season. We did our best to bring back the honors for Lincoln High.

The second game was with Western University. Western University has been a great rival of the Lincolnites and every one looked toward the coming contest as a means of settling old scores. For five years W. U. has defeated the team of Lincoln High. For five years they have crumpled and ripped open our line. But this time the worm turned clean over on it back and Lincoln went forth to victory. The game as it was: W. U. kicked to us, we ran 40 yards and in less than two minutes and a half we crossed the line for a touchdown, the crowd growing almost uncontrollable. Our line was like a stone wall composed of such players as Davis, Hicks, Jones and Steimetz.

Our opponents worked like mad men but Lincoln worked in harmony. Our backfield made long gains being composed of Earl Winfrey, Chauncy Smith, and Franklin.

W. U. made two touchdowns on us. Then we made two. Mike Hicks one and Frank-



LINCOLN HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM.

lin and myself one. Thus the game ended 18 to 13 in Lincoln's favor. The line-up:

Ends—Hicks and Thomas.
Tackles—Jones and Jones.
Guards—Woodward and Stymetz.
Center—Page.
Quarterback—Smith.
Fullback—Franklin.
Halfbacks—Hayes and Winfrey.

Our third game was with Liberty again. We showed great improvement. They had to fight harder than the first time and still we were lacking two of our best players. The score was 26 to 9 in favor of Liberty. The Liberty team has never been defeated by Lincoln.

The line-up was:
Center—Walter Page.
Ends—Thomas and Burns.
Tackles—Jones and Jones.
Guards—Allen and Woodward.
Quarterback—Smith.
Fullback—Day.
Halfbacks—Hicks and Hayes.

Our fourth game was with Summer High of Kansas. They were our size and we showed them that no team our size could score on us not only beat us and we beat Summer High 57 to 0. The quarters were cut five minutes short on account of lateness. If it had not been for this we would have beaten them 157 to 0, and I am not exaggerating.

The Line-up:
End—Hicks and Thomas.
Tackles—Jones and Jones.
Guards—Stymetz and Woodward.
Fullback—Day.
Center—Page.
Halfbacks—Hayes and Winfrey.

The last game of the season was with Sumner High of St. Louis, Mo., which

was played on Thanksgiving afternoon in Kulgerges Park. The trip and game were as follows.

On the morning of November 28th, at 10 a. m. the football boys and coach of Lincoln High, Mr. Westmoreland, boarded the Chicago and Alton for St. Louis, Mo., where we were to meet the Sumner High School team on Thanksgiving afternoon. We arrived in St. Louis on Wednesday night and to our surprise it was raining. We were met by the Captain of the Sumner team who with kindness escorted us to our dwelling place which was 4041 Cook Street. This house was very large having plenty of rooms and beds for the boys. We were a little hungry, so they prepared a light lunch for us.

We then went to bed for a night's rest. We awoke in the morning feeling fine and took a little walk before breakfast which gave us a mighty appetite. After breakfast we sat around the room, some of the boys playing on the piano, reading newspapers and cracking jokes. This was the day of the mighty battle. It was no longer than two seasons ago that they defeated us 81 to 0. Our boys were anxious to meet their opponents on the gridiron and to make up for the awful score that had been hanging over our heads.

At one o'clock we started for the field, we arrived there at 1:30 and ran a few signals. The field was very muddy but this did not worry us. We waited for the game to start at 2:20 and trotted out on the field. The heavy Sumner team was running signals. Then the referee blew his whistle for the game to start, and we went out on the field to bring victory for Old Lincoln High whom we all love so well.

The game as it was:



LINCOLN HIGH BASEBALL TEAM.

We kicked to our opponents. We went down on them and downed them on our 20-yard line. The Summer team tried to break through our line and they found that it was a stone wall. Then they tried forward passes but failed. The ball was soon ours. We like the Summer team did not make any headway, so the first quarter ended 0 to 0. The second quarter was somewhat like the first, however, we did gain some ground. Arthur Thomas received a long forward pass from Smith but failed to make a touchdown on it. Our boys' fighting spirit began. When Mr. Noble Jones said let's get 'em boys. We went after them but were unable to score, making the first half end 0 to 0. We were told a few points by our coach, which helped us very much.

The whistle blew for the second half to begin. The game was beginning to go in our favor, Mike Hicks, our smallest and happiest little player, received a couple of nice forward passes from Smith which started things going well. Our full-back, Day, began to tear Summer's line in pieces. But through a fumble we lost the ball. Summer tried to break through our line but it still stood like a stone wall. William Jones, our tackle, displayed some

good work at tackling and also Mr. Noble Jones. Mr. Floyd Stimetz and Jasper Allen also played well.

The ball was still in Summer's favor. They succeeded in working a forward pass on which they scored a touch down, but our courage and fighting spirit was still maintained. The third quarter ended 7 to 0 in Summer's favor.

The last quarter began with Lincoln fighting hard. Smith, our quarterback, used some good head work. Winfrey made some nice end runs. We lost the ball on downs, Summer worked another forward pass on us and the ball was carried within one yard of our goal line. Here we had to fight harder than ever. It all depended on the strength of our line. Summer then bucked and bucked our line to make this one yard but were unable to advance one foot. The ball was now ours and only eight minutes to play. We were forced to kick out from behind our goal but failed on account of one of Summer's men breaking through our line. Smith ran out on the eight yard line and from there he made a forward pass to Thomas who ran 80 yards for a touchdown. Mike Hicks kicked goal. This ended the game with the score 7 to 7.

Arthur Thomas was the star of the game. Everybody played well.

The line-up was:

Ends—Hicks and Thomas.

Guards—Allen and Stymetz.

Center—Page.

Quarterback—Smith.

Fullback—Day.

Halfbacks—Hayes and Winfrey.

Subs—Smith, Langum, Miller and Green.

We went back to our dwelling places and ate a fine Thanksgiving dinner. That night we attended a dance and had a fine time. The next morning we went for a visit to our opponents' school and there our coach made a speech and I made one also. We had dinner at the school, which was donated to us by the Senior class. That night we attended another dance, from which we went to the station and boarded the 10 o'clock train for our Old Home.

TO THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1918:
GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU.

CAPTAIN T. HAYES.

BASKETBALL.

Hard luck? Well, we should say so. Hard luck in wholesale lots!

Although the team did not come up to our expectations this year it gave each team a merry struggle for every minute of play.

At the beginning of the season our boys were picked as sure winners and why not—with a squad of veterans to pick from? But as the day of the first game dawned there was gloom in our camp. What was the matter? One of our "old standby" guards was out of the game with a crippled foot—the first mishap of the season.

However, we managed to sail through the first game without serious damage.

By the time of the second game the "crippled one" was not yet ready to be inserted in the line-up. Besides this, no sooner had the first game been played when Calvin Day, our star center, became ill and has not returned to school since his illness. These losses handicapped the team so that it was unable to put over the punch in the last few minutes of play. And then to cap the climax we were beaten in our second game by a point.

While we did not win the championship we can appreciate the fact that we were the closest contenders.

This was the first season of basketball at the school and despite the fact that many of the experienced men will leave this year we hope that the game will not be discontinued. With the increasing popularity of the game it will soon take its place among other athletics at our school.

The line-up:

Leroy Burns (Capt.)..... R. F.

Oswald Bartlett L. F.

Calvin Day C

Thaymon Hayes L. G.

Ardavis Thomas..... R. G.

Subs:—Noble Jones, Benjamin Moore, Carl Winfrey.

Mr. Charles Westmoreland, Manager.

The score of the games were:

Camp Funston 30; Lincoln 17.

Summer 290; Lincoln 19.

BASEBALL.

Lincoln still goes marching on to certain victory and holding up the reputation which her former athletes established.

With a loss of a large number of the players of last season, the boys did not lose heart but with the same spirit and confidence that made last year's team a success, decided to "keep the home fires burning."

The team was reorganized and elected Leroy Burns as captain, Michael Hicks, student manager; Mr. T. B. Steward, manager, and Mr. Charles Westmoreland, coach. With everything in order the boys were ready to begin the season as soon as the weather would permit.

Our first game was played with Liberty, Mo. This was a test game for the team, especially to our inexperienced men. It was known that the Liberty team was composed out of our class as ball players. However, everything went along smoothly until it leaked out that Ruby Tyree, a professional pitcher was to pitch for Liberty, and right there our boys seemed to lose heart.

Despite these odds we went with plenty of "pep" into the game and were able to give the big boys a "run for their lives."

Steam Roller.

Our next game was with our brothers across the river, Sumner High School, who have always been close contenders for Lincoln's crown. This game was played on the Paseo diamond at 15th and the Paseo.

The game was called at 4 o'clock, with Burns pitching for Lincoln and McReynolds twirling for Sumner. Our boys began the contest with a burst of speed and netted three runs in the first inning. The next two innings, as the first, were a whirlwind of speed and strength with our opponents trying hard to catch up.

Our boys played good ball during the entire game but Sumner was able to score in the third and fifth innings. However, she was checked at this point.

The fielding and hitting of our team was superb, while two home runs by Blackwell and Burns were features of the game.

The line-up:

Burns	P.
Hicks	C. F.
Taylor	1B
Blackwell	R. F.
Brown	2B
Bartlett	S. S.
Blanton	3B
M. Taylor	L. F.
Thomas	C.

Subs:—Holman, Wheeler.

The score of the games was:

Liberty 9; Lincoln 3.
Sumner 3; Lincoln 18.

Next Year.

Next year we hope for an ever victorious season, and there is an excellent opportunity for the realization of our desires—if "dope" can be relied on.

We will have some very good material left over only one being lost as far as baseball is concerned. Play hard, boys! Were all pulling for you.

LINCOLN HIGH CADET BAND

Our band has put in its best work every time it has appeared before the public and there is no question or doubt that it has succeeded in making good.

In looking over the past eight or nine months' record of this organization, it is found that it has taken part in almost every important happening that occurred in Kansas City during that time. Some of these events are the Liberty Bond Parades, Red Cross drives, the Field Day exercise for all the cadets of Kansas City, and the pageant, entitled "The Spirit of 1918" and "The Frivolities of Youth" given by Lincoln High School in Convention Hall.

The band is not the same fifteen or twenty piece organization that it appeared to be some time ago but it is a first class 42 piece band with every member eager and hoping to advance faster than the instructor will allow. And because of this tact each member feels that he belongs to a band equal to any other high school band in the United States.

The 42 instruments include: six cornets,

4 trombones, 4 melophones, 3 bass horns, 4 drums, 1 piccolo, 4 bugles and 4 saxaphones.

Out of the 42 musicians who play these instruments everyone can play his instrument as well as could be expected of any one who has had only one or two years' experience.

On long marches when everyone seemed tired and thirsty and it was so hard for each cadet to refrain from talking, the only thing at that time that restored new vigor and made all forget weariness was a lively march played by the band of Lincoln High School.

It has been asked, "After school closes will the band continue to play for occasions?"

This is the answer: As long as its members are in Kansas City and a request is made or an opportunity is given, the band will always respond in order that dear old Lincoln may continue in its course of efficiency and success.

E. A. WINFREY.

THE BOY WHO WILL SUCCEED.

The boy who goes to his class eager to learn, will far outstrip the one who has to be driven. Likewise in proportion as he cultivates the habit of reading for his own benefit, urged on by his own desires, his lessons receive the increased interest.

There are many boys who have gone through the primary and grammar school that barely pass into high school. Too often they are pushed there by the will of the parent or by the favors of the teacher, instead of gaining promotion by perpetual efforts in trying to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way. Worse than all, there are many who do not have a full desire to go on and are forced, because they cannot persuade their

parents to allow them to drop out.

But a boy should feel that learning is an individual matter and unless he has been training along some definite line of work, he will be of little value in the community in which he may be living. The boy who has some fixed object in view and trying with all his might to reach it, will soon find himself in such an attitude that he will think less of what his associates think of him, and more of his purpose. As soon as he reaches this state of mind he will be able to overcome that spirit of diffidence to which he may trace all his lost opportunities.

E. A. W.



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL BAND, THE KANSAS CITY CADET REGIMENTAL BAND.



THRIFT CLUB OFFICIALS.

THE THRIFT CLUB

Last year under the direction of Prof. Lee a club was organized for the benefit of the students of Lincoln High School. This club was what we might call a small bank. It was named The Thrift Club and its purpose was to make the children save. The children responded to the efforts of Prof. Lee and on the first day the bank opened for business, fully one-half of our enrollment made deposits.

The club had a Directing Committee, which consisted of eleven members, the secretary of which was a student of the school. This committee contained four teachers a student representative from each class and two student cashiers. The members of this first committee were as follows:

Committee Chairman—Mr. T. B. Steward.

Head Cashier—Mr. G. S. Ellison.

Other Members of the Committee—Miss N. E. Venerable, Mr. R. H. Jackson.

Representatives from the Classes—James McLean, Harry Roberson, Roma Tutt, Lillie Campbell.

Student Cashiers—Helen Brown, Edward Fladger.

Committee Secretary—Harry Roberson.

This committee held their offices for

one-half year, then new representatives from the classes and new student cashiers were chosen but the teachers remained as before.

*Two prizes were offered to keep up the spirit of saving which was created among the students by this club. They were a prize for the person depositing the most money and one for the person making the most regular deposits, i. e. for the person depositing each day. The first prize was won by Nathaniel Griffin of the Freshman class, the second by Mabel Taylor of the Sophomore class. Many students tried for these prizes and were very much disappointed when they failed to secure them.

The club, although started late in the year and although new, was very successful this year for it closed in June with six hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury. Many of the students left their deposits in the treasury until the next year.

In September, when we returned to school, the bank resumed its business. A new committee was chosen which contained 13 members. The teachers on the committee were the same as those on the first committee but the class representatives and the cashiers were changed. The

new representatives were Viola Payne from the Senior class, the Secretary; Raymond Williams from the Junior class; Roberta Chinn from the Sophomore class, and Julius Jones from the Freshman class. The student cashiers were Ogden Higbee and Harry Roberson of the Senior class. Two bookkeepers were added to the committee this year. These were Lola Smith and Mabel Taylor of the Junior class. This committee held their offices a half year also, then a new committee was chosen as in the first year. This committee is in office now. Much benefit has been obtained by the students and teachers from their labors.

During the first half of the second year a new prize was offered to the students. This prize was offered not to individuals, but to the classes. It was not a prize which could be given, as a book or money, but it was honor. This honor was to be given to the class having the largest per cent of children making deposits for one week. The Sophomores have secured this honor nearly every week, being beaten several times by the Seniors. The Sophomores intend to have first place in the future, however, and to hold this honor until they bid adieu to Lincoln High School.

By the previous accounts of the bank published in the *Lincollian*, it may be seen that this year the bank will be more successful than last year. The committee and Prof. Lee hope to have \$1,000 in the treasury by June. If the children keep up their splendid record, spirit and continue to make regular deposits, we shall have that amount and more.

The following is a condensed financial statement of the club from Sept. 6, 1917, to May 20, 1918:

Total amt. of money deposited for the year	\$964.84
Total amt. paid out during year	461.53
Bal. in hand of total deposits	503.31
Amt. of deposits in general fund	\$241.66
Amt. transferred to individual student accounts	261.65

There were 250 students who started accounts with the club during the school year, and of this number 24 succeeded in securing transferred accounts.

G. S. ELLISON,
Cashier.
VIOLA PAYNE,
Sec'y Pro Tem.

THE PROGRESS OF THE KANSAS CITY NEGRO.

Little did Abraham Lincoln dream when, over fifty years ago, he freed the Negro slaves of North America, that in a half century the freed ones would rise in civilization to the same height which it has taken the white race many centuries to reach.

The Negroes are educating, manufacturing, buying, building, inventing, and carrying on business just as though they too had come along the line of progress of centuries.

Let us see what the Negroes of Kansas City are doing: There is the Kansas City Sun, a colored paper, owned and edited by colored people; there are the churches, drug stores, cafes, movie shows, real estate offices, barber shops, garages, bakeries, Y. M. C. A. and numerous others. We have our physicians, pharmacists, lawyers, florists, embalmers, musicians, actors, instructors, and in fact, everything needed to make ours a successful race.

In going about the streets of this city, and various sections where the Negroes reside, many beautiful homes are seen, which are owned and occupied by Negroes.

The Negroes are employed in almost every line of business, and new lines of employment are rapidly opening for them. The girls may easily obtain employment elsewhere than in the kitchen or some private family or hotel.

Twenty-five years ago, the majority of the Negroes lived in the north end of town, on what is known as the bluff, but now they live in all sections of the city, as far south as Swope Park, besides extending east and west. At the present time there are 32,000 Negroes in Kansas City.

The Y. M. C. A. is one of the big things the Negroes have accomplished; for this great association is the main means by which our young men are being uplifted. This association provides for a nominal fee, room, board, good, clean, wholesome sports, use of club rooms, libraries, gym, bath, Bible class and everything needed for the mind, body and soul. This department is looked after by Negroes who are thoroughly capable of so doing.

While the Y. M. C. A. dream has been realized, the dream of having a Y. W. C. A. is gradually materializing, and we soon hope to have a building in which to house the department, which is divided into different groups, in various places in the city.

We also have our own Old Folks Home, Orphan Home, sanitarium and hospitals. Every year a class of our young women graduate in nursing.

Another very interesting feature is the employment of colored girls in nearly every white theatre in the city. They are employed at the Shubert, Orpheum, Garden and numerous picture houses.

There are many other modes of employment open to the Negro; in fact, they are too numerous to mention. Nevertheless, the door of opportunity is opening wider for us and if we take advantage of it we will soon reach the highest pinnacle, which will surpass our wildest dream.

RUTH M. REDD.



OFFICERS OF THE JUNIOR CLUB.

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

THE Junior Class of Lincoln High School, 1918, desires to contribute their good wishes and best hopes to the Senior Class, which is about to leave us. You are leaving us behind with many a struggle to combat, many a lesson to learn, many duties to perform, and many obligations to be assumed. But, thanks to patience and endurance we have learned the three most important rules which all individuals and classes must learn. The three self rules, self denial, self sacrifice and self reliance. Without these we may never hope to achieve success.

Now, Juniors, since we are Juniors, we must live up to all that that name signifies. First of all we must lay down all of our silly prejudices, jealousies and enmity toward each other. We must help each other rise in order to help ourselves. Most students after having reached the Junior year of the school work become discour-

aged, discontented and uninterested in their studies. I think those who have overcome this common tendency deserve much praise.

The studies of the Junior Class are and have always been trying, nevertheless, you have borne and endured and sacrificed to (practically speaking) the end. Therefore, three cheers for the Junior Class.

I wish now to publicly thank each and every member of the Junior Class club. To those who have come regularly and promptly to each or nearly every meeting I owe this tribute. There seem to be slackers in every organization and every class, and the Junior Club did not expect to be exempt from this inclination. The club progressed splendidly under the following officers:

Henrietta Hawkins	President
Joseph Johnson	Vice-President
Harriet Hardin	Secretary
John Smith	Assistant Secretary
Mr. R. S. Ellison	Treasurer
Edna Williams and Lola Smith	Class Reporters
The chairman and members of the dif-	



OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLUB.

ferent committees also contributed much to our success.

I hope every Junior will be here to start the Senior line of work. I hope you will be wise enough to try to complete your course, since you have made such an excellent beginning by remaining in school these three years. Juniors, remember that you are making history every day. What kind of history are you making? Is your life an open book which anyone may read? If not, change your ways immediately. I am anxious for you to consider these questions and act accordingly.

Girls, beware that you do not lose your good name and virginity. Remember that people see you and comment without mercy.

EDRA WILLIAMS.

Class Reporter of the Junior Class of 1918.

THE SOPHOMORE CLUB.

It has been the custom of the various classes to organize class clubs at the beginning of each school year; so accordingly the Sophomores on September 12, 1917, under the direction of Miss N. E. Venerable, elected the following officers for the first half year: Theresa Coleman, president; De Priest Wheeler, vice-presi-

dent; Ruth Washington, secretary; Nancy Moore, assistant secretary; Miss N. E. Venerable, treasurer; Lewis Brown, chaplain; Clarence Bradford, sergeant-at-arms, and Anna Mae Gates, reporter.

It was decided that the club should meet every other Wednesday and that the dues should be five cents every time we met. Most of the members have been very prompt about paying their dues, but a great number of them have dropped out of the club.

The officers of the first half year faithfully discharged their duties and on Wednesday, February 13, 1918, we elected the following officers for the last half of the year: De Priest Wheeler, president; Olla Webber, vice-president; Ruth Washington, secretary; Ruth Price, assistant secretary; Miss Venerable, treasurer; John Taylor, sergeant-at-arms, and Marshall B. Love, reporter.

The main purpose of the club was to bring the Sophomores into closer fellowship with one another. Very interesting programs were rendered once a month and socials were also given once a month. On April 6, 1918, the club through the efforts of Miss Mary Main, gave Miss Lynden a beautiful birthday present. On the two occasions when we were asked to give voluntarily towards a gift for the two teachers



OFFICERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLUB.

who got a leave of absence to serve their country in Y. M. C. A. work, the Sophomores responded well.

A great number of the Sophomores have quit school, several have joined the army to defend their country and some have had to quit school on account of their health, but we hope that those who are more fortunate will stay in school.

Every Monday morning when the report was read in chapel stating the class that deposited the most money in the bank and had less tardies almost invariably the Sophomore Class received the honors. So since we have left such a splendid record of thrift and punctuality upon our history we hope that the next Sophomore Class will do equally as well as we have done. As a whole, this class has immensely enjoyed itself and we want to see every Sophomore back next September as a Junior.

MARSHALL B. LOVE, '20,
Class Reporter.

CLASS OF 1921.

In the month of September, when nature had touched everything with her golden wand, the ward school graduates entered Lincoln High School as a band of orphans starting on a long and hazardous

voyage in a strange place, with strange associates. We were treated with great kindness by the older pupils of this well-known school.

Later, approximately the third week in September, a teacher whose name is Mr. A. B. Pittman, took pity on this poor, forsaken multitude of orphans and at once decided to cultivate their minds toward the pleasure and enjoyment which Lincoln High offers. He then organized a club which was very interesting to the whole class at its first few meetings.

Geraldine Jones was elected president, Earl Garner as vice-president, Dorothy Waldron as secretary, Florence Mitchell as assistant secretary, Mr. A. B. Pittman as treasurer, and Anna Moore as class reporter. Soon after this our president resigned and left school on account of illness, which brought about another election of a president. This office was filled by Gerra Huffington, who afterwards decided to marry. At her resignation it was time for a semi-annual election which occurred January 9, 1918, and the following were elected: Ernestine Talley, a very efficient and capable presider, was elected as president. The club was in very bad condition when Ernestine first took her office. Seldom more than ten were present at its meetings, having no law against the absence of members and officers. Era-



OFFICERS OF Y. W. C. A.

estine is always glad to hear any suggestion that will add to the progress of the Freshman class. Marguerite Anderson was elected vice-president, who has presided over the meeting several times during the absence of our president and she, too, proved to be a capable executive by carrying on the meeting in such a manner that it is to be complimented. Ann Isaacs was elected secretary. She is making a very worthy one. Lorene Brown was elected assistant secretary, but she never had the opportunity to act as secretary to show us her capability although we are certain that she would do her best. Mr. Pittman is still treasurer. Anna Moore and Helen Crutchfield were elected as class reporters. Pauline Tarwater is chairman of the program committee, Clinton Campbell is chairman of the sick committee, Rosalind Richardson is chairman of the social committee. On the whole we have an intelligent set of officers. By no means exaggerating, we have the best officers that one might be able to find throughout the Freshman class.

Of course it was a great hindrance in our way to be without a president so much during the first term but with all this we were fortunate enough to give a party at Armory Hall, where not only members of the Freshman class enjoyed

themselves, but members of the upper classes also. We also gave a program which lasted two afternoons, which we are told holds the banner.

We are sincerely thankful to the few faithful members who have been loyal to their class club. We hope that this year will have been an inspiration to those who have never taken an interest in progressive work for the class.

The class has greatly decreased, some leaving to lay broader plans for the future, others on account of illness. Among those who left on account of illness are Mamie Mayberry, a studious and intelligent girl, and Helen Floyd, who is also considered a fine girl.

Lastly but not least, we are very thankful to Mr. Pittman for his advice and judgment, which was very good.

ANNA L. MOORE.
HELEN CRUTCHFIELD.

THE Y. W. C. A. CLUB.

The Y. W. C. A. Club was organized only last year, by three of our most active women; namely, Miss Jones, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. McCampbell.

Students of the Lincoln High School

were chosen as officers of the organization. These officers, although their time was limited, did very successful work. They began a Red Cross quilt, which we are now endeavoring to finish and they also gave an entertainment for the benefit of orphan children.

New officers were elected in January.

Under the auspices of these, a membership campaign was held, whereby the membership of the club was noticeably increased.

In February a Valentine Post Office was established in the school building, the results of which were very successful, the proceeds being spent in the interest of the club.

In April, Miss Vance, a club organizer, addressed the Y. W. C. A. Club, on subjects pertaining to how we may utilize the little commonplace things at hand, for the comfort of our soldier-boys, "over there." The simplest suggestion was the making of substitute candles.

They are made as follows:

Cut down the column of an ordinary newspaper, roll the clipped columns tightly on a hard surface. After preparing a number of these, bind tightly together with a cord and place in a round pan of boiling paraffin. After the paper is thoroughly saturated, remove from the paraffin, and allow the paper to drip and cool. After it has cooled, separate the saturated columns. They are now ready for use.

Another way of helping is to send the boys magazines in which you think they may be interested. It has also been discovered that old gloves will make warm vests.

In May, the Y. W. C. A. Club of Lincoln High School, met other Y. W. C. A. clubs at the Second Baptist Church, where an interesting program was rendered. Among the speakers prominent in Y. W. C. A. work were Mrs. McCampbell, Miss Jones and Miss Pinion. These talks were certainly appreciated and especially that of Miss Pinion, who by the way is a most energetic social worker and has charge of equipping and arranging the "Hostess House" at Camp Funston. Something of which we should surely be proud and I know that the remaining members join me in saying that they are proud to be interested in an organization whose work is not limited to the school room, but whose influence extends even to the battle fields of Europe, where our own true Americans are dying for the cause.

VIRGINIA BANNING, '20.

Reporter.

THE REX LITERARY CLUB.

The Rex Literary Club was organized October 4, 1917, under the direction of Miss N. E. Venerable. The object of this

club is to prepare us to speak intelligently in public without becoming frightened. Also to prepare us for our Junior and Senior rhetoricals.

The following officers were elected for the first half term:

President	Terrell Taylor
Vice-President.....	Helen Tolson
Secretary	Octavia Rector
Assistant Secretary	Ruth Price
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sammie Hudson
Class Reporter	Ellen Hoard
Chairman of the Program Committee	Beatrice Hardin

Under the leadership of the President, Terrell Taylor, the club progressed remarkably and several excellent programs were rendered, which were both helpful and interesting.

January 30, 1918, new officers were elected for the second half term. The new officers elected were:

President	Marshall Love
Vice-President	Terrell Taylor
Secretary	Ruth Price
Assistant Secretary	Octavia Rector
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sammy Hudson
Class Reporter	Helen Tolson
Chairman of the Program Committee	Vuelta Green

Under the leadership of the President, Marshall Love, the club progressed rapidly and several interesting programs were rendered also several debates. The members of the Debating Club are: Eulice Arnold, Marshall Love, Walter Porter, Eugene Oliver, Terrell Taylor, and Nathaniel Griffin. One of the most interesting debates given by the Debating Club was: "Resolved: That Capital Punishment be Abolished from the United States." It was decided in favor of the affirmative side.

Under the direction of Mrs. Cook this club has organized a war savings society under the name of Sophomore No. 1 War Savings Society of Lincoln High School. The officers of this club are: Eulice Arnold, president, and Ruth Price, secretary. The total enrollment of this club is twenty-two. This club ranks among the first in the sale of thrift stamps. The total number of thrift stamps purchased by this club is one hundred and twenty-five. This club is going "Over the Top" in the purchase of thrift stamps and Baby Bonds, and we hope that the rest of the War Savings Societies will do likewise.

This club has furnished momentous results to its members and prepared them for their rhetoricals in which they will participate next year and the succeeding year. The club thanks Miss Venerable and Mrs. Cook for their unvarying and toilsome efforts.

RUTH PRICE, '20.

MILITARY



TRAINING



MILITARY TRAINING not only builds strong, straight bodies, but it builds character. The first principle is obedience, then comes self-respect, followed closely by

more respect for our superior instructors.

Military training's first foothold in Lincoln High School or even in Kansas City, began when Prof. Lee was elected principal. It was not started at first, but there was gradually instilled into the minds of the boys the necessity of it. We were told the good it would do for us mentally as well as physically. At first it seemed unnecessary to us boys, and therefore we took little interest in it. Mr. Lee overlooked our shortcomings, and the second year the service of Dr. W. H. Bruce was secured. Dr. Bruce was a clean young man and was liked very much by the boys, but the boys did not think much of the training he was trying to give us. Dr. Bruce with undying determination and a great deal of patience succeeded in getting the boys interested. The hardest part was over, and the year was closed with the boys looking forward to the great things they were planning to do in military training during the next school year.

The following term, Dr. Bruce having his practice to attend to, was not able to be secured. We were fortunate enough to get Major N. C. Smith of Western University as music teacher and band instructor. Major Smith having had some military training, readily consented to take charge of the boys. All of the boys took a great deal of interest and two large companies were organized: Company A and Company B. The officers of these two companies were the best drilled and best disciplined boys in the companies. We drilled three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. We drilled outside when the weather permitted. When it began to get cold we were allowed to use the gymnasium at the Y. M. C. A. After progressing so rapidly we were given by the board of education an instructor, Sergeant Weeks. Sergeant Weeks, although a white man, treated the boys fairly, and the boys tried hard to please him. Consequently we worked hard and made rapid progress. Capt. Baird, our supervisor of military training, then a lieutenant, sent notice of what kind of uniform we were supposed to have. At first many of the boys were unable to purchase them, but Mr. Lee is always ready and willing to help. For this reason a steering committee was organized among the business men. This committee enabled the boys to get their uniforms then pay for them on the installment plan. We were then given equipment. We learned several exercises,

called Butts' Manual. Our first military demonstration was shown at Convention Hall in our May pageant. Nothing has ever surpassed it in Greater Kansas City. Thus the year was closed with success.

The third year was begun with more spirit than had ever been shown among the boys. They always tried to please the officers and do as they were told. There was such a vast improvement, everyone spoke well of us. The changes, for better could be seen among the boys, on the streets or any public place. But we were sorely disappointed because Sergeant Weeks had been called to service. Also during the summer months one of our cadet officers, Lieut. Fladger, went to Des Moines to the training school. He returned a second lieutenant, not to serve us, but to serve Uncle Sam. Sergeant Weeks having been called to service, Major Smith took charge of the boys again. But this year we were to do great things. Capt. Baird, Major Smith and the military instructors of the other high schools spent part of the summer studying the training of high school cadets. This year the officers were chosen not only from the best drilled, but the more efficient boys. They had to go to the office of Capt. Baird and take an examination and pass the required studies. Luckily our same officers were again elected with a few promotions.

This year we took part in all the parades. Our band leading all the cadets in the city, being the regimental band of the cadet organization. The first outing was in the fall. It was called the Regimental Competitive Review, given at 39th and Gillham Road. During the winter months we did first aid and learned semaphore signals.

On Friday, April 5, Major Cazrearc of the regular army came to Kansas City on his inspection tour for the War Department. He was very much pleased with our companies, and spoke well of us to Capt. Baird. On the following Saturday we went to Swope Park for a fox chase. We took our lunches and spent the entire day. We learned much from our outing in the way of map reading, scouting and patrolling.

Our last parade of this term was about the last of April at 39th and Gillham Road. We spent the entire day there. There was drilling, a sham battle, passing in review and the day was closed with a wall scaling contest. This was one of our greatest outings of the season.

This season our May Pageant was very good. The boys took active part in it.

Several new features have been introduced in our military training this year.

We now have a court-martial. The court-martial has done much to raise the moral standard among the cadets. We have also a merit-demerit system. The purpose of this system is to raise to a higher standing the work of the individual cadet.

We have made wonderful progress in our military training, and we are very proud of it. These three years have been years of success. The goal for our fourth year has been set high, but we are going to reach it. I am sure the boys join in, in thanking Mr. Lee for all his efforts in making it possible for us to get military training.

CORP. HARRY D. ROBERSON, '18.

MAKING GOOD AS A SOLDIER.

The National Army, in which we are taking part, truly expresses the American character and ideals. It is a great democratic army. It includes men of all degree of wealth and education, chosen through fear and open selection by lot. All are brought together on terms of equality. There has been and there will be in this great National Army no favoritism and no pull. The poor man will drill and is drilling side by side with the man who has been reared in luxury. Each is learning from the other. And the place each man makes for himself will be determined by his own work and ability.

There is plenty of opportunity here in the National Army for every man to use his brain and his energy and to earn promotions according to his worth. This does not mean quick advancement however. It means that he has a fair chance—and that he would ask for nothing more—to develop himself and to climb upward step by step. This means that he must develop in himself the qualities of a soldier.

There is very little real difference of opinion as to soldierly qualities. They have been determined by ages of experience. Weapons change, but the soldier who handles the weapons seldom changes, and he remains much the same.

There are three basic qualities, without which no man can be a real soldier even though he may temporarily wear a uniform. They are: Loyalty, Obedience, and Physical Fitness. A man without these qualities is in the way and is a source of weakness to the army, both in the camp and on the battlefield.

The Articles of War of the United States set forth the military crimes which are punishable by heavy penalties. Among them are desertion, cowardice, insubordination, sleeping while on duty as a sentinel, and giving aid or comfort to the enemy. Run over this list and you will see that every one of these crimes can result only from the absence of one or more of the three basic qualities of a soldier.

Loyalty. A soldier's loyalty first of all

governs his feelings and actions toward his country, his Government, and his flag. But a soldier's loyalty does not stop here. It absolutely forbids disobedience among both officers and enlisted men, or disrespect toward those in authority. Going a step farther loyalty governs also the soldier's feeling toward his own regiment, his own company and his own squad. Without this loyalty there can be no real comradeship.

Obedience—The second of the soldier's basic qualities is obedience, based on discipline. Without discipline and obedience an army cannot long continue to exist; it will quickly degenerate into an armed mob. As the Infantry Drill Regulation puts it, discipline is, "The distinguishing mark between trained troops."

Frequently the recruit, with his inborn dislike of being bossed, makes the mistake during his first few weeks in the army of resenting the fact that immediate and unquestioning obedience is required of him. He very quickly learns however, that obedience, enforced throughout the army, is in all situations the chief safeguard of the rights, the comfort, and the safety of every man from the raw recruit to the commanding general. It is guaranteed that the small group of unruly or cowardly men to be found in every group shall be kept in check and forced to comply with rules made for the benefit of all. If this were carried out in any organization, whether it be an army or a public school, I guarantee that the success of that organization would be great.

Military discipline is always impersonal. Obedience is required not merely of the private but of every man in the army. It is required of officers to their superiors with fully as much strictness as it is required of the private. Then, it will become your duty, whenever you are given authority over other men, to demand from them the same full measure of obedience that others will require from you.

Discipline is not only essential in developing the army, but also in developing one's character as a soldier or a citizen. "The soldier who is by nature brave, will by discipline become braver."

The third basic quality, physical fitness, is so essential that a large part of the time devoted to the training of the soldier is spent in building it up. Physical fitness includes not only muscular development but good health and endurance as well. It is a quality which every man can develop for himself by reasonable care and obedience to the laws of nature.

The three qualities which I have spoken of are those which every one of us would like to have for ourselves. They are the essentials of virile and successful manhood, whether in the army or out of it. Even the moral weakling and the slacker in their hearts admire these qualities.

Doubtless a great majority of men have developed these qualities already to a

greater or less extent. Many a man has discovered, when put to a test, that he possessed these qualities without having himself realized it. Every man should train to strengthen these qualities in himself. In so doing he would learn to take care of himself under all conditions, to meet hardships and danger unflinchingly, and above all he would gain that confidence and selfreliance which is needed

more than ever in the present day warfare.

If every man in these United States will develop those qualities, she cannot fail to achieve her objects. And once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new Glory shall shine in the face of our people.

JAMES E. FLADGER,
2nd Lieut. 349th M. G. BN. 92nd Div.

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL'S WAR ACTIVITIES.

AS WE GO about our daily tasks in peace and safety men are dying every minute on the battlefields of Europe to save civilization. Our own gallant soldiers are shedding their blood in France and our sailors engulfed, in the waters of the Atlantic as they go in defense of America's rights and honor.

Upon our performance of the work committed to us depend the lives of thousands of men and women, the fate of many nations, the preservation of civilization and humanity itself; and the more efficient and prompt we people of America are in doing our part, the more quickly will this war come to an end and the greater the number of our soldiers and sailors who will be saved from death and suffering and the greater number of the people of other nations released from bondage and saved from death. Each man, each woman, and each child in this land has a task to perform, something to do to help his country. If we cannot fight with our boys in France we can stand behind them here.

To win the war requires an active nation. We as a school are glad to have our part in the service of our country. The several war activities that the school has engaged in are evidences of this fact. They are the Liberty Loan Bond, the War Savings Stamps, the Red Cross and Lincoln High School war garden.

We have purchased \$2900 worth of Liberty Bonds.

Fourteen War Savings Stamp Societies have been organized and \$700.57 worth of stamps have been bought. The government expects to raise \$2,000,000,000 from their sales and it is calling upon the school children of the U. S. to do this. The government officials tell us that this enormous sum can be raised more quickly and with less difficulty by calling upon the banks of the country but instead it is making this appeal to the twenty millions of children through whom it hopes to force thrift in twenty million of homes. The big idea is to make this country known as a thrift nation instead of a spendthrift country as it is called now, and the way to do this is through the school children.

We have 476 members of the Red Cross

and have raised \$119. Eleven girls have taken the Red Cross nurse course and received certificates.

Suddenly becoming a nation at war, America found herself confronted with a food problem as vital as that of the battle torn countries of Europe. Overnight the American home gardens became war gardens. The expansion of the military establishment and the draft on laborers by munition factories resulted in decreasing the production of foodstuffs through the normal professional channels and thus emphasized the importance of the amateur's garden in the back yard or the vacant lot. Thus our war garden places us among those who are trying to take the place of the 600,000 trained and experienced farmers who have been taken from the farms of America since the beginning of this country's participation in war.

To work, to save, to economize, to give financial support to the government is a duty to the nation and to the world, and it is especially a duty to our fighting men who on land and sea are offering their lives to their country and countrymen.

H. WHEELER.

HON. EMMETT J. SCOTT'S VISIT.

Sunday, May 4, we were highly honored by the presence of Emmett J. Scott, special assistant to the Secretary of War. Mr. Scott was escorted to our school by the Lincoln High Cadet Band and cadets, the Kansas Home Guards and a body of citizens.

The crowds began assembling in our auditorium long before the time for the speaker to arrive. There were fully two hundred persons turned away from this meeting. Some persons remained outside and Mr. Scott kindly consented to give them a short address after the address inside had been delivered.

Mr. Scott arrived in our auditorium at 3:15 and received a hearty welcome. A short program had been arranged, upon which were the introductory speakers and musical numbers. Music was given by the orchestra, Miss Anna Smith, Mrs.

School are showing their patriotism by cultivating a War Garden on a portion of the campus.

Mr. Pittman who is in charge of our garden has made the work a source of pleasure notwithstanding the hard labor necessary. The ground was plowed about the 12th of March and since then the work has progressed finely. Each class which reports to Mr. Pittman during the day is taken out into the garden and with the rakes, hoes and shovels works with great enjoyment.

The main purpose of the garden is to teach us how to plan and plant, and if we get a thorough knowledge of gardening at school we can have better gardens at home. Another purpose is to furnish provisions for our lunch room. The lettuce, onions, mustard, and radishes may be used now, while the beets, beans, peas, tomatoes, etc. will be canned and stored away for next year.

The garden is divided into three sections. The Freshmen are looking after the first section; the Juniors, the second; and the Seniors, the third. The Freshmen have planted peas, beans, onions, carrots, turnips and radishes. The Juniors have tomatoes, turnips, peas, cabbage, radishes, onions and beets. The Seniors are raising mustard, spinach, beans, lettuce, turnips, peas, radishes and tomatoes. Flowers have been planted along the edges to help beautify the garden. The three classes are striving to see which can have the best looking section.

H. H. W.

THE BUSINESS OF EDUCATION.

"Every householder knows that the best way of protecting his property is to have it carefully inspected from time to time, to have all damage repaired at once, and to take opportune precautions against impending risks by the introduction of improvements. These simple statements apply in a greater degree to the edifice which we call the State. But the complicated structure of the state, which makes it so hard for the honest inquirer to gain a thorough insight into its constitution or a complete grasp of its functions, also renders it exceedingly difficult for him to perceive when and where amendment is necessary. In the past century we have cherished for a long time the comfortable opinion that an edifice of this nature, possessing some sort of organic constitution would of its own accord evolve remedies for its shortcomings, provided it were meant by the "State a healthy organism?" meant by the "State a healthy organism?" To this question Plato gave an answer centuries ago: "Only that state is healthy and can thrive which unceasingly endeavors to improve the individuals who constitute it." He himself inquired into the best forms of government, and in his mar-

velous dialogue, "The Republic," sketched an ideal state, the outline of its foundation, and the means for its maintenance. In this work great importance is attached to public education as a fundamental necessity of civic life. The same idea recurs at a later period, not only in the works of great teachers who to a large extent are professionally interested in it, but in the lives of many prominent statesmen up to the commencement of the 19th century.

An over-powering idealism, a thing almost unknown today, and a firm belief in the future of the human race, took possession of the leading intellects of the day. And it was by the aid of a few of these great American minds that such characters as Booker T. Washington, Fredric Douglass, Phyllis Wheatley and others of the Negro race made their way to the front in the educational world, and they represented that true spirit of citizenship which is drawn out by education. And the same spirit which inspired them found its practical application in the work of the other great Negro educators of today. It was to be expected that the utterances of our great Americans would fall every where on deaf ears; that is those who were advocating by word and deed the education of the Negro as well as all other people in the U. S.

At a much earlier period there was no real demand for education among the people, of some of the states; those who were participating more and more in the affairs of the country. But later the people evinced less opposition to the educational policy of those in power, and as is often the case today, the opposition sprang principally from selfish and interested motives. But now the public elementary school is one of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century. From the very beginning it exercised a considerable amount of educative influence, and gives a child an idea that there is something better in life for the one possessing a higher education; that is to say it gives the individual a better prospect of success in life.

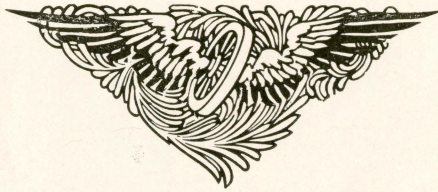
If I would try to give in full my idea as to the aim of civic education it would perhaps be too much for this writing, but I will attempt to sum them up. The first aim of education for those leaving primary school is the development of trade efficiency and love of work, and with this a development of those elementary virtues which effectiveness of effort and love of work immediately call forth, perserverance, diligence responsibility, self-restraint and dedication to a strenuous life. In close connection with this I would say a second aim must be pursued; to gain an insight into the relations of individuals to one another and to the State, to understand the laws of health, and to employ the knowledge acquired in the exercise of self-control, justice, and devotion to duty, and in leading a sensible life tempered

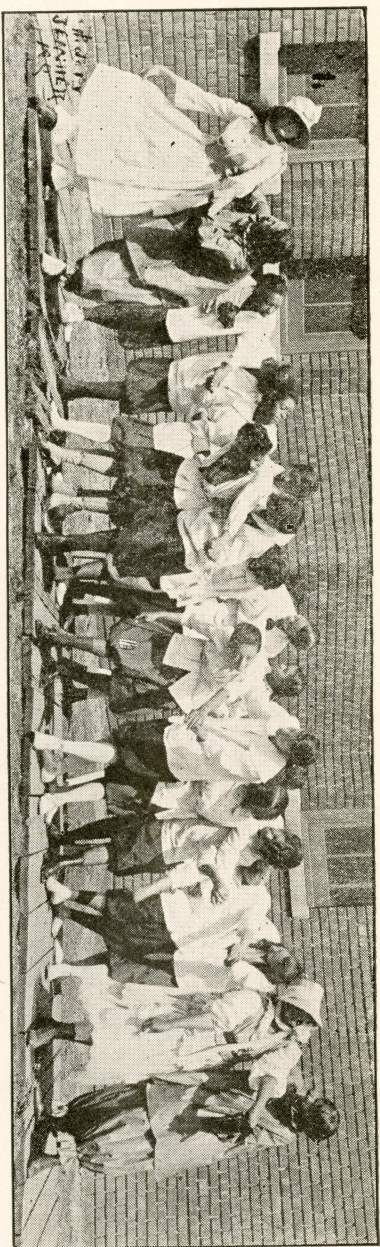
with a strong feeling of personal responsibility. The first aim is part of a technical education, the second is a part of a moral and intellectual education.

We must oppose the view that the aim of education is to be sought exclusively in technical training for an occupation, a view which regards efficiency in work as a sure guarantee of civic virtues. In this there is a great danger of encouraging selfishness, both professional and personal. These facts seem to be certified by Milton's idea of education who says, "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public of peace and war."

As an illustration that a broader education is the perfecting of citizenship, we may look back over the short history of the Negro. Less than one hundred years ago we find the race as a whole totally

illiterate but by the help of God some of the members escaped the chains of bondage, and were lifted into a higher realm, that is into the educational world. And after making a first step into this wonderful field of educational work, they turned and looked back at their brothers still in bondage and deprived of the privilege that should belong to every man, they then made a determination, that they must pull their fellow man up out of the mire, and with this act the progress of the race began, and it was only a short time before it was noticeable to the oppressors, but it was too late. By the skillful work of the advanced educators of the race, the Negro has risen to equality with all other races in demonstrating true citizenship and is the most loyal citizen to his country, thus showing that citizenship depends on education.





GIRLS SHOWING POSTURES IN STORY DANCING.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Probably no single study or branch of study given in our high school, has done as much good for the girls, as a whole, as has our physical training department.

Through this department we are getting better results in physical conditions in general.

Although we have had the advantage of this course for two years, we are still laboring under difficulties. When I say difficulties, I do not mean on the part of the girls not taking advantage of this great and helpful opportunity, but our facilities to carry on this work. The first and greatest **difficulty** is the lack of a gymnasium, and all of the **equipment** that goes with one.

Considering the above difficulties we have so far made good in our undertakings. Last May we had a Spring Festival at Convention Hall, that was talked of far and near. Anything that is so educational and affords so much pleasure cannot be looked upon in any light except for the betterment of our race.

Still realizing the fact that upon the physical condition of the body rests the **efficiency** of the pupil we entered into our work with a greater determination to bring better results. This fact was fully **demonstrated** to the public by the excellent showing made at Convention Hall May 10, when more than six thousand people saw over four hundred well trained pupils perform.

A spirit of patriotism pervaded the first

part of the program when the two companies of armed cadets went through their drills. The sham battle and the dett and beautiful Red Cross nurses took our minds back to the sights that would be seen in France. Besides the cadets' drill the girls went through gymnastic exercises with Indian clubs, dumb bells and wands.

The second part of the program took us into a land of frolic and happiness. There we saw the spirit of youth and a Pierrot and Pierrette, jolly bachelors, and a gay wedding party which was beautiful.

The favorable results of these two years have been highly gratifying and I know our teacher, Miss Mack, laboring under unpleasant conditions, sees that her work has not been in vain.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. E. A. McCampbell, '04.
Herman Kincade, '08.
Bertha Carter, '16.
Emmett Fred Gleed, '17.
Christine Cowden, '20.

The pictures produced in the Lincolnian are the work of Photographer Miller whose Studio is on East Eighteenth Street, between Vine Street and Highland Avenue.

